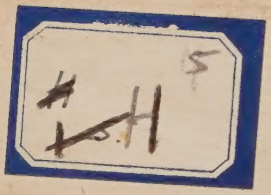
THE TESTAMENT OF IGNATIUS LOYOLA

E. M. RIX



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THE TESTAMENT OF IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

ROEHAMPTON:

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THE

TESTAMENT OF IGNATIUS LOYOLA

BEING

"SUNDRY ACTS OF OUR FATHER IGNATIUS,
UNDER GOD, THE FIRST FOUNDER OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS
TAKEN DOWN FROM THE SAINT'S OWN LIPS BY
LUIS GONZALES."

TRANSLATED BY

E. M. RIX.

WITH PREFACE BY GEORGE TYRRELL, S.J.

Venite, audite, et narrabo, omnes qui timent Dominum, quanta fecit animæ meæ.—PSALM lv. 15.

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INTRODUCTION.

It is characteristic of the mind of our day to study things in the light of their origin and growth; and indeed, if science be a knowledge of things by their causes, it is evident that to know the genesis of an effect is really essential to an intelligent understanding of its nature and its end. It is the neglect of this method in the past—a neglect due to the imperfect means then at command—that has thrown so much, perhaps too much, discredit on the more *à priori* modes of treatment, and has thereby caused the historic and positive methods to be associated in the popular mind with negative and destructive results. Yet to those who look backward and forward, and round about them, it is clear, that to resist this rising flood of new knowledge would be, not only

as futile as to endeavour to bank out the tide with a toy-spade, but—whatever weak or ill-taught faith may fear—would be to shut the window in the face of God's light. In theology, in scriptural criticism, in asceticism, in hagiology, in every department of the study of the Christian religion, history must and will have its say, and those who resist its legitimate authority, will deservedly be crushed by it.

We need not regard the infusion of Aristotelianism into the veins of mediæval Christianity as an unmixed blessing; yet, on the whole, the impetus it gave to thought was for good; and those who resisted it were proved wrong, and those who welcomed it were proved right; nor did it begin to be hurtful, till having swept away all opposition, it grew insolent in the pride of victory, and "waxed fat and kicked." So it will be with the historic and positive method whose mission is to chasten that insolence, itself to be chastened in turn. As, then, it helps

much to the just criticism of the Christian Church to study it in its remotest infancy, and still more in the personality of Him whose ideal it professes to realize, so those few who care to form a really just judgment about, say, the Franciscans or the Jesuits, will turn to their early days, and *à fortiori* to the intimate history of their founders, that tracing the growth from seed to fruit, they may the better comprehend it viewed as a whole, and not merely as seen in some arbitrary cross-section. Thus and thus only, will it be possible to apply such canons of criticism as Newman has given us, for distinguishing true developments from false.

It is observable very frequently that in the measure in which a hero, a teacher, or a saint excites enthusiasm in his followers, his true personality is more quickly lost to sight, unless it have found some more trusty register than the affectionate imagination of his disciples. In this sense his foes are those of his own household, nor is it long

before he is presented as having been, not what he was, but what his admirers conceive he ought to have been, namely, the realization of their own subjective and crude ideals; and, like coped and crowned Madonnas and Bambinos ablaze with jewels, he loses all human shape, and individuality; and becomes a mere hook whereon each artist may hang some picture of his own conceiving. It is the tendency of these affective uncritical admirers to resent the supposition that the saints, for the most part, grew to sanctity, and were not born with haloes round their heads, that they had to pass through the humiliations of spiritual babyhood on their way to the stature of the perfect man in Christ. All that from first to last they said or did is reverently accepted as of equal authority, irrespective of the stage of their moral growth at the time of saying or doing. Much care is taken to interpret their first wail into an attempted utterance of some sacred name or aspiration, so as to make it

clear that they were complete strangers to human infirmity from their mother's womb. No growth is allowed them, but such as that which some mediæval writers, following a theory of embryology not yet altogether exploded, held touching the pre-natal growth of the Sacred Humanity—a growth not in distinctness and formation, but merely in quantity and expansion. Yet this were in some sense to miss the very spirit of the Incarnation, in which Christ came, not as the first Adam in the full mental and physical maturity of perfect manhood, but laying aside all such prerogatives of the God-Man, and appearing in the likeness of sinful flesh, and passing through all our indignities and humiliations, sin only excepted. And similarly His saints help us because and so far as they are men and not angels; because their sanctification is a labour of time and not the creation of an instant—supernatural, but not miraculous. And when, by good fortune, we can hear

the saints speak of themselves, they are frank enough in all conscience. A recent critic of M. Joly's *Vie de S. Ignace* professes to "read with grave surprise such passages as these: '[In his visions] he believed that the contemplation was vouchsafed to him, either of our Lord's Humanity, or of our Lady, or of the Holy Trinity, or of other mysteries upon which he then proceeded to meditate with more imagination than serious consideration, and especially, with but little science.' 'Did he in truth there [at Manresa] behold real objective visions which might be described as hallucinations?'" Yet, in the following *Acta* we find St. Ignatius himself particularly insisting on the faultiness of his early spiritual vision; while as to the subjectivity or objectivity of what he undoubtedly contemplated, he is studiously diffident of affirming. He tells us that God trained him as a school-boy is trained; and his whole narrative is mainly useful and interest-

ing as a record of the origin and correction of the various mistakes he fell into on his road to right judgment and discernment of spirits. It can hardly be doubted that it was this usefulness that moved him after much thought, to yield to the importunity of Father Nadal, and to overcome that reluctance which every right-minded man feels in revealing the secret foundations of his spiritual life. *Hoc esset vere fundare Societatem*—"This would be in some sort to give the Society a foundation," was the notion of Father Nadal in pressing this act of self-sacrifice upon him. It would be a revelation not merely of his matured spirit and ideal as embodied in the book of the Exercises, but of the genesis of that spirit; of the shaping of that ideal. Indeed in some sense this Testament of St. Ignatius may be regarded as bearing to his institution a relation slightly analogous to that which the Gospel bears to the Christian Church. Not that the written Gospel is essential to

the Church's being; but so intimate to its well-being, that each is only fully understood in the light of the other. And as the Gospel-spirit ought to be still incarnate in Christianity, so ought the spirit of this document to quicken the body to which it was committed as a charter and foundation. Again, like the Gospel, it is stamped with the same simplicity and bold directness which distinguishes the Apostolic from all later and more reflex statements of the same story. Even Ribadeneira's life which follows so close upon this, betrays that disposition to explain and expand which was checked almost entirely in the narrative dictated to Gonzales by the Saint himself.

We may without offence speak of it as an autobiography, so slightly has the scribe interpolated any comment of his own; so completely has it been inspired by the Master's own mind and will—"taken down," as it professes to be, "from the lips of the Saint himself."

But perhaps the chief interest of this little document, will be the illustration it affords of a certain substantial identity underlying the almost infinitely diverse manifestations of "sanctity" in all ages and countries, understanding here by "sanctity" an heroic obedience to those interior workings of God's Spirit, which, if they normally find their most favourable environment, their fullest and most fruitful development in the Catholic Church, are denied to no soul for which Christ died, and at times yield as luxuriant an increase on Gerezim as on Sion. Unless we are prepared to deny that there were true saints living in the dim light of the older dispensation, we cannot maintain that the full intelligence of Catholic faith is an absolutely indispensable condition of heroic fidelity to God and to conscience, nor can we refuse the name of "Saint" in the wider sense to those who "in any nation fear God and work righteousness," and

who "resist unto blood, striving against sin."

But here let us guard against an easy misapprehension. We do not for a moment wish to favour that slipshod indifferentism which would rate men solely by the intensity of their good-will irrespective of the rightness or wrongness of their religious and ethical judgments. That would be to forget that if the aim of every good man should be the most perfect expression of his nature, the perfection of his highest faculty, namely, of his mind and judgment, should be his first care.

The sincere will to think, say, and do the right thing is indeed the first requisite, and in some sense stands apart as the animating principle of all further perfection; but this further perfection is in some sort the very end for whose sake good-will is so desirable, and to be indifferent to it is incompatible with good-will. With an equally intense desire of knowing and doing the Divine

will, one man may succeed far less than another; and to ignore this inequality, were to confuse all things. Hence, we cannot put the well-meaning cannibal on the same level as the equally well-meaning Christian; nor, in general, any misguided zeal on the same level as the like zeal rightly guided. The seed may be equally good, but the soil and the climate may determine an altogether different harvest. All we wish to emphasize here, is that not only are many, outside the body of the Church or the pale of Christianity, drawn (at least, implicitly) towards God and the right as strongly as the saints, whose advantages enabled them to give so much fuller effect to that "drawing;" but that the peculiar type of character which grace chooses for its fuller manifestations is to be met with everywhere; and is to be recognized by certain uniform modes of reaction under the influence of grace. So that we can confidently conjecture that this man or the

other, had he been a Catholic, would have been a saint, a martyr, a reformer, a founder, a doctor, &c.

It has been most justly said by one of the sanest men of our times, that "the inspiration of the Holy Ghost and the understanding of the same, are two distinct things." The will to live and die for the right, which is simply the force of God's love dragging the soul to Himself, however that drag be hindered by darkness or difficulties, may be strong even to heroism, while the understanding is yet in darkness, and fails altogether in its attempted interpretation of the Divine will. What is called "natural religion" is but the gathered result of man's struggles to explain this Divine instinct to himself; even revelation is, to some extent, but a supernatural interpretation of it, whereby God comes to the rescue of our mental deficiency. But it is a commonplace that light and fidelity may, and often do, vary inversely; and that high

and devoted conscientiousness may co-exist not only with great ignorance of revealed religion, but even with gross errors of moral judgment, and with a total lack of ethical refinement; and measuring conduct as we do rather by its exterior conformity to our own ideas of rectitude, than by the hidden strength of good-will from which it proceeds, we may easily mistake for fanaticism—if not for worse—what is only misdirected zeal for God's glory. With all this, it is not denied that this same zeal for goodness will give a certain instinctive insight into moral and ethical matters, and even into other beliefs, so far as they have a moral aspect or bearing; yet it would seem to be more by way of selection than of suggestion; that is, not by directly creating an understanding conformable to its own needs, but rather by choosing from such materials as chance to offer themselves, what is congenial to its own nature, and thence building up for itself a system of beliefs in accordance

with its needs. It follows that Christianity, which sums up and transcends the best efforts of the best of mankind at self-interpretation, will meet with response from every pure heart in the measure that its inner spirit is truly revealed to the understanding. Nor can we rend the flesh from the bones, taking the morality of that religion, and leaving the dogmatic framework which gives it shape and consistency. Christianity is one living thing which we embrace for love of what we know of it, glad to feel that there is indefinitely more of it than we can ever comprehend or exhaust.

But as sainted kings and prophets of old longed in vain to see what we see to so little purpose and with so little sense of privilege; so there may be like souls in our own era to whom the full and pure light of the Divine interpretation of life has never been presented, whether by reason of their distance from the sound of the Church's voice; or

because of the deafness created by inveterate yet inculpable prejudices and errors; or because of the unskilfulness of the exponents of the faith; or even because of the scandal given by bad Christians. In such cases God seems to give what is essential, namely, the inspiration and attraction, and to deny what is in a way dispensable, namely, the fuller and clearer understanding of that inspiration.

And yet by reason of this blind instinctive passion for righteousness, there is a fundamental agreement, and at times a conscious sense of kinship and brotherhood between the souls in which it dominates, compared with which every other spiritual difference is relatively superficial. Other things equal, there is no stricter bond than that which unites us to the body of the visible Church; yet where such union is lacking, there may be that deeper invisible bond which makes some of those outside her pale, who are of her soul though not of her body, nearer to us than some of those inside.

And this kinship shows itself in a certain rough uniformity in the process of spiritual growth, which doubtless has its root in the very nature of the human soul. Given a similarly constituted subject and a similar incident force, the reaction will be the same, save so far as the surrounding conditions are varied; and thus the mode in which one soul or another responds to the Divine impulse is fundamentally as uniform as human nature, though modified by differences of intelligence, temperament, education, and other circumstances.

Not to go for an example outside the limits of Christianity as we well might, we can hardly choose two souls more unequally conditioned in every other respect than the author of the Spiritual Exercises and the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress;* the former a Spaniard of noble birth and chivalrous instincts, a Catholic by profession and sympathy, with an instinctive abhorrence of heresy; the other, an Englishman of low

birth and surroundings, of Puritan sympathies, to whom Giant Pope and Giant Pagan were much of a piece. Yet who can compare these *Acta* of Ignatius with Bunyan's "Grace Abounding" and not be struck many a time at the deep underlying analogies for which no reason suffices but the oneness of human nature and the oneness of Divine grace?

Each undertakes, as Dante, as Augustine, as countless others have done, to trace out a pilgrim's progress, under guidance of Divine grace, from the City of Destruction to the Land of Promise, often resisted through ignorance and wilfulness, but at last victorious. In both cases the will is strong and fervent almost from the first, and the progress is rather on the part of the mind, which is laboriously rectified and brought into harmony with Truth (that is, with God's mind) under pressure of Grace (that is, of God's will). It is almost more the poor human mind with its narrownesses

and ignorances that stands in God's way, than rebellious passions or evil habits.

The public teaching of the Church does not pretend to serve for the guidance of the individual soul through the obscure ways of the mystical life, nor in this respect had the Catholic Ignatius much advantage over the Puritan Bunyan beyond what the confessional offered—which, however, in his case was little or nothing; for here again the usual methods cannot be expected to suit exceptional and supernormal cases, and the confessor is as much puzzled as a hen when the duckling she has hatched takes to the water. Hence Ignatius tells us how he sought right and left for some one who could understand and help him, but found none, till God took him in hand like a school-boy. And so he had to struggle on alone through the tedious steps of the purgative, illuminative, and unitive way, seeking "to quit himself of all inordinate affection" and "to find God his Lord in peace."

Still more solitary and unaided was the lot of the Puritan Pilgrim. It is pitiable to notice how much of Bunyan's suffering was needless—the fruit of false theories and views accepted from others. That "none ever hoped in God and was confounded" would have brought him rest, but lo! it is from the Apocrypha, and not from the Protestant canon. He feels he has not faith to work miracles, therefore assumes that he has no justifying faith—mixing up two totally different conceptions; and so in numberless instances. In scrupulosity he seems to have gone through as bitter an experience as St. Ignatius: "I could not now tell how to speak my words for fear I should misplace them. Oh, how gingerly did I then go in all I did or said!" and he is brought to the same weariness of life in consequence. The notion that he had interiorly consented to the thought of selling our Lord, which caused him such infinite misery, was only a scruple of the com-

monest order with which every confessor is painfully familiar.

Another curious point of contact is the troublesome interference of his devotion with the necessary duties of daily life,—the devil, as he puts it, not suffering him to eat his food in peace, so as to destroy him. He does not seem to have ascribed objectivity to any of his visions, but with this slight difference, his experiences of voices and clear intuitions, which he regarded as preternatural, were parallel to those of the Spanish Saint.

From these and many other analogies it is clear that it was only a difference of environment of spiritual soil and climate, that prevented Bunyan from being what Ignatius was—a Saint in the Catholic and technical sense of the term. They were made of the same kind of stuff, yet had they met, they would have shrunk from one another in horror, unconscious of their deep kinship: "It began to be rumoured up and down,"

says Bunyan, "that I was a witch, a Jesuit, and a highwayman, and the like"—for they were all equal in his eyes.

While admitting some little measure of what we might call "religious instinct" in every normally-constituted mind, we can, without any prejudice to the freedom of Divine Grace, which is always loosely conditioned by Nature, admit the existence of a certain religious genius and temperament, as special in its way as the poetical temperament, or the gift of government, or other talents which are necessary for human society, though not for every individual of society. Providence is no "equalitarian," but recognizes the principle of division of gifts, knowing well that men are bound together as much by their inequalities as by their uniformities. It is the necessary existence in all times and places of a certain percentage of men in whom this religious genius, this craving for the Absolute, the Real, the Eternal, this

contempt for the Relative, the Apparent, the Transitory, is not only implanted but corresponded to and developed, that makes Religion in one form or another an irrepressible element of human life, and gives it a root in the very centre of man's soul, and makes it, like society itself, something which may be shaped and determined from without, naturally or supernaturally, but which springs from within. Crude and barbarous as may be his notions of theology or ethics, or science, yet in every nation and tribe and people; in every age and grade of civilization, the "Saint," in some vague sense of the word, the man who will prefer death to what he deems a sacrifice of truth and right, who will judge it no profit to gain the whole world at the cost of his soul, is a steadily recurrent phenomenon. And the type is ever the same, whether we meet it languishing in the desert of pagandom or flourishing in the luxuriant, well-watered vineyard of the

Catholic Church. And therefore it is not merely in his intense individuality, but also as an universal type that St. Ignatius claims our attention in this autobiography, of which it is justly remarked: *Non vulgare ipsa [vita] sibi pretium facit; quia prima; quia authentica; quia ab ipso Sancto dictata*—"This is a biography of no ordinary value, being the first; and being authentic; and being dictated by the Saint himself."

G. TYRRELL.

July 31, 1899.

NOTE.—The Bibliographical Appendix, and practically all the historical notes, are from the pen of the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.

PREFACE OF JEROME NADAL.

I, as well as other Fathers, had heard from our Father Ignatius that there were three favours he had asked God to grant him before he should depart this life; first, that the Institute of the Society might be confirmed by the Apostolic See; then that the Spiritual Exercises might be similarly approved; lastly, that he might finish the writing of the Constitutions.

Remembering this, and seeing that he had realized all these desires, I began to fear that he would shortly be called from our midst to a better life; and knowing that it was the wont of the holy Fathers and Founders of Monastic Orders to bequeath to posterity in lieu of heritage such precepts as they felt would help them to the attainment of perfect virtue, I watched for some occasion when I could best ask the like from our Father Ignatius.

It befell in the year 1551, that when we were together, Father Ignatius, having, as I suppose, experienced one of his usual mental extasies or raptures, exclaimed: "But just now, and I was higher than heaven!" Full of awe I inquired: "What has happened, Father?" But he turned the talk to other matters. Thinking it a good chance I prayed and besought him to be pleased to reveal to us how our Lord had dealt with him in the beginning of his conversion, that this revelation might serve us by way of a last testament and paternal instruction; "For, Father," said I, "now that you have got the three things you wanted to see realized before death, we begin to fear that you are going to be taken from us."

He alleged his many businesses which would hinder him from giving his mind and time to the affair. "Nevertheless," said he, "say three Masses over the matter, you and Polanco and Pontio,[1] and after your prayer tell me what

[1] Father John Polanco, a Spaniard, entered the Society in 1541, and since 1547 had acted as secretary to St. Ignatius, who had the greatest confidence in him. The Pontio here mentioned was a Frenchman, Father Ponce Cogordan, who was afterwards Superior in Paris.

you think." "We shall think the same, Father, as we think now." "Do what I tell you," he rejoined very gently. We said Mass; and all brought him the same answer; so he promised he would do it.

The next year, when I had come back from Sicily to be sent to Spain, I asked the Father if he had done anything. "Nothing," said he. On my return from Spain in 1554, I asked once more; but he had made no progress.[1] Thereupon, moved with strange boldness, I spoke very strongly to him and said: "It is now nearly four years, Father, since I asked you, not only in my own name but in that of other Fathers, to lay bare to us how our Lord led you from the beginning of your conversion; for we conceived it would be in the highest degree profitable to us and to the whole Society. But as I see you are not doing so, I can only say truthfully that were you to accede to our wishes we should make diligent use of the favour; but

[1] *Rem non attigerat.* He had made a commencement in September, 1553, as we learn from Gonzales, but since then he had let the thing drop for more than a year. See further the Bibliographical Appendix, p. 218.

if you will not, why then we will not lose heart but will trust in our Lord as much as if you had written everything."

The Father made no answer, but on (I think) the same day called Father Luis Gonzales, and began that narrative which the said Luis, whose memory is so marvellous, wrote down afterwards. These are the "Acts of Father Ignatius" which are handed about among us.

Father Luis was an elector in the first General Congregation, and was there chosen to be Assistant of Father General Lainez. Later, the same Father, being a man of known religion and virtue, was teacher and guide of Sebastian, King of Portugal. Father Gonzales wrote these Acts either in Spanish or Italian, according to the amanuenses available. Annibale di Codretto,[1] a learned and holy Father, turned them into Latin. Both are still alive, the author and the translator.

[1] In letters and other contemporary documents his name often appears, as here, in an Italianized or Latin form, but the Father referred to seems to have been a Frenchman, and would be more correctly called Du Coudray.

INTRODUCTION.

BY LUIS GONZALES.

JESU! Maria! In the year 1553, on the morning of Friday, 4th of August, being the eve of the feast of Our Lady of the Snow, when our Father was in the garden close to the house,[1] or rather to what is called the Duke's chamber, I began giving him an account of some strange workings that were taking place in my soul; and among other things I spoke to him about vainglory. Our Father's remedy was to take all my concerns back again to God more frequently than heretofore, striving diligently to offer to Him whatsoever thing I found in myself that was good, acknowledging that it

[1] This was the "professed house" (*casa professa*) in Rome, occupying the site of the present Gesù. The property was acquired by the Society in instalments between 1537 and 1553. See the monograph of Father P. Tacchi Venturi, S.J., *Le Case Abitate in Roma da S. Ignazio di Loiola.*

came from Him, and giving Him thanks for it. And his talk on this matter brought me so much refreshment and relief, that I could not control my tears. For our Father told me how for two years he himself had struggled with this vice, so that when he was sailing from Barcelona to Jerusalem, he dared not tell any one that he meditated going to Jerusalem ; and he told me many other strange things of the same kind. Moreover, he told me in what peace his soul had been ever since as regards this temptation.

We went to dinner one or two hours later; and as Master Polanco and I were at meat with him, our Father said that Master Nadal and others of the Society, had often besought him to do a thing concerning which he had never made up his mind; but he said that after his talk with me, and after communing with himself in his own chamber, he felt so far forth well-disposed and inclined to perform it (and he spoke in a manner which showed that God had given him a very clear light in the matter), that at length he had decided upon doing it (the doubtful point being whether he

should tell of the things that had hitherto been done in his soul), and he was firmly resolved that it was to me that these matters were to be revealed.

Our Father was then in somewhat feeble health, nor did he at any time presume on his life for even one day; but rather if any one happened to say: "I shall do such or such a thing within a fortnight, or within a week," our Father used to answer as one astonished: "How then? and you imagine you will live so long?" Still, on this occasion he said he hoped that he would live three or four months longer, till he had finished the business.

Another day, on my asking him when he wished to begin, he answered that I must refresh his memory about it every day, until an opportunity offered itself for doing it. For how many days this went on, I forget; but finding none, being partly hindered by our employments, he said that I was to recall it to his memory every Sunday. So then, our Father sent for me one day (I do not remember which day) in the next September, and began

relating his whole life to me, even the somewhat uncontrolled freedom of his youth, distinctly and with clearness, with all circumstances pertaining thereto, and during the same month had me for three or four conversations, and brought the history up to his recollections of Manresa.

In his method and style of narration, our Father spoke as he was wont to speak on all matters; so vividly that a past event seemed presently set forth to the hearer; and so completely that no question needed to be asked; for whatsoever was to the point, that our Father always remembered to mention. Without telling him of my purpose, I went immediately to write it out, first jotting it down shortly and afterwards expanding the notes as you now have them; and I have striven not to add a single word to those which I heard from our Father; and in point of fact the one thing in which I may have failed is that by sticking so close to the very words, I have sometimes been scarcely able to convey their exact sense.

So then, I wrote these things until September,

1553, as I said above. From that time until Father Nadal came on the 18th day of October, 1554, our Father kept excusing himself on account of his infirmities and his different engagements, saying to me; "Remind me when I have finished this business." And when he had finished I would remind him; and he would say: "At present I have something else to do; remind me when I have finished."

But when Father Nadal came he was extremely glad to hear of the affair, incomplete though it was, and ordered me to be importunate with our Father, repeating often that I could not serve the Society better; for this would be in a sense giving it an endowment. And he himself often spoke to our Father. The Father told me to remind him of it, when he had finished the business of founding the college.[1] After this had come to an end, and he

[1] *sc.*, The College at Rome, for which Pope Julius had promised an endowment, though he had not put his intention into execution when death cut him off. The classes at this date, and for long afterwards, were carried on in various hired buildings not far from the professed house. See *Cartas de San Ignacio*, ii. 314.

had arranged Prester John's[1] business, and the courier had gone off, we began to go on with the history on the 9th of March, 1555. Now Pope Julius fell dangerously ill, and died on the 23rd. Our Father deferred the matter until the new Pope came on, who straightway fell sick and departed this life; and then the Father delayed still further until the creation of Pope Paul; then being oppressed by the great heat and occupied with many matters, no progress was made until the 21st day of September, when there was talk of sending me

[1] This was the mission to the "King of Ethiopia," which had been pressed upon the Society by the King of Portugal. Father John Nuñez was appointed Patriarch, and Father Andrew de Oviedo and Father Melchior Carneiro were named as his episcopal coadjutors *cum jure successionis*. St. Ignatius took the cause of this mission to heart in quite an extraordinary way, and when the Portuguese Ambassador in Rome seemed to him to be slack in urging it upon the attention of the Roman authorities, he made Father Gonzalez, the author of the above preface, call at the embassy every third day for three months together, in order to keep the matter fresh in the Ambassador's memory. The Saint himself wrote a long letter to Claudius, King of Ethiopia (Prester John). See the *Cartas de San Ignacio*, vol. i. Appendix II. n. 27; vol. v. pp. 68, seq., 82, seq.; Appendix II. nn. 7, 13, 14.

to Spain. In these circumstances I besought and entreated our Father to fulfil what he had promised me to perform. So then, he appointed me to meet him on the morning of the 22nd day of September in the red tower.[1] And after Mass I went to him to ask if it were now time.

He replied that I was to go and await him in the red tower; so as to be there when he came. I understood him to mean that I should have to wait some considerable time; and while I was being detained about some business in the entrance-hall by one of our Brothers, our Father came and rebuked me for having transgressed obedience by not awaiting him in the place appointed, and refused to do anything that day. But at my urgent entreaty he returned with me to the red tower, dictating in

[1] The "red tower" had only been acquired in the early part of this year. It was used for an infirmary. Father Polanco writes in his *Chronicon:* "Hoc anno solarium conjunctæ domus, quam Turrim Rosciam vocant emptum est et ad infirmos curandos aliquot cubicula confecta fuerunt; officina etiam pharmacopolæ in usum ægrotantium instructa est." (v. 21.) See Tacchi Venturi, op. cit. p. 43.

his usual manner as he walked. I kept getting closer to him by little and little, not to lose sight of his face; whereupon our Father said: "Keep the rule." And as I carelessly approached him again, after a while, and fell a second and third time into the same fault, he told me of it and went away.[1] Finally, on a later occasion, he came back to the tower and made an end of dictating what I have written. But I was unable to write this out in full at Rome, for I had long been on the point of starting on my journey, and the last day on

[1] This is not the only occasion on which St. Ignatius is recorded to have administered a similar rebuke. His humility seems to have taken fright at the too patent veneration which he sometimes saw reflected in the faces of his favourite disciples. When Father Manare, who had been sent to found a College at Loreto, came to take leave of the Saint, he ventured to look very fixedly into his eyes, thinking, as he tells us, that he might never see the holy Father's features again in this world. The Saint afterwards sent him a message bidding him to say certain prayers as a penance, and to make his particular examen on the practice of looking too intently into the face of those he conversed with, adding that in writing to him (Ignatius) he should each time report the progress he made in this matter, an injunction which was not withdrawn for fifteen months. (*Acta Sanctorum*, vol. vii. p. 578.)

which our Father had spoken to me of these matters, was the day before my departure. At Genoa I dictated in Italian from the notes brought with me from Rome, because no Spanish scribe could be found; and I brought the writing to a close at Genoa in December, 1555.[1]

[1] It will be noticed that this account by Father Gonzalez suggests that the narrative was taken down by his amanuenses in four different instalments. The first part of the story was told him by St. Ignatius in September, 1553, and extended as far as the Saint's experiences at Manresa. The narrative was not resumed until the 9th of March, 1555, and can then have lasted but a little time, as Pope Julius fell sick almost immediately. The last part of the story was told on the 22nd of September, 1555, and was continued during the following days, but Father Gonzalez could not get it all written out before his departure, and had to defer a considerable portion until he reached Genoa, where only an Italian amanuensis was available. Now in the Vatican manuscript (described in the Appendix, p. 217) there are three breaks in the continuity of the handwriting. The first occurs in the middle of the Saint's account of his life at Manresa at a point corresponding to p. 76 in this volume. The second portion, which begins a new page in a similar handwriting, but notably smaller, corresponds roughly to the contents of chapter iii. The third portion, in which the handwriting of the first returns, contains the narrative from p. 103 to 162. Then two pages are left blank, and the rest of the story is written in Italian in a different hand altogether. These details seem worth noticing, as

they go far to prove, first, that the volume in the Vatican Library preserves the very pages upon which the amanuenses took down Father Gonzalez' dictation, and secondly, that in writing the Preface at a later date his memory of the circumstances attending the writing of this narrative was perfectly accurate. The details concerning the Vatican manuscript are borrowed from the description furnished by Father Ehrle to the Editors of the *Epistolæ Patris Nadal*, vol. i. pp. xl. xli.

THE TESTAMENT OF IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

CHAPTER I.

HIS MILITARY LIFE; HOW HE WAS WOUNDED AT THE DEFENCE OF PAMPELUNA; HIS RECOVERY; HIS SPIRITUAL READING; A VISION; THE GIFT OF CHASTITY; HIS WISH TO MAKE A PILGRIMAGE TO JERUSALEM; AND TO LEAD A MORE PERFECT LIFE.

UNTIL his twenty-sixth (1) year he was given up to the vanities of this world, delighting chiefly in feats of arms, and engrossed with an inordinate desire of acquiring renown. And thus, at the defence of Pampeluna when the French were besieging the town, and one and all were agreed that they ought to yield on condition of being allowed to depart without injury, for indeed they could not possibly defend themselves; he gave the commander so many reasons to prove that the town could hold out a little longer, that his words prevailed over the opinion of all the other nobles. Indeed, his courage was so great, that his compeers

changed their own minds, and were inspired with his confidence. When the expected day of battle was fully come, he made his confession to one of the nobles, who had often fought by his side (2), who in turn also confessed to him. He went on fighting courageously, even when the walls were down, until a shot from a cannon shattered one of his legs. And as the ball passed between his legs, the other leg was also badly wounded. When this happened and he fell, the others who were with him in the fight, yielded to the French at once, who, when they had taken possession of the city, kept him and treated him kindly and well. And about twelve or fifteen days after this, they carried him on a litter from Pampeluna to his home at Loyola. When he was there and at his worst, the physicians and surgeons who had been summoned from many places, were of opinion that the leg ought to be broken again in order that the ill-joined bones might be replaced in their right positions. They declared that whether the bones had been badly set at first, or whether they had been jolted on the journey,

they were now so displaced, that it was otherwise impossible to right them. He accordingly suffered this renewed dilaceration of his body(3), and neither for this, nor for anything else which he had endured or was to endure did he utter a single word, nor was any sign of pain wrung from him, beyond the vehement clenching of his fists.

Meanwhile, his health kept changing for the worse; he could take no food, and symptoms of approaching death appeared. On the feast of St. John, they counselled him to confess his sins, for the doctors had little hope of his recovery. He therefore received the sacraments on the eve of SS. Peter and Paul, and in the evening the doctors said that if there were no change for the better before midnight, they might look on him as a dead man. Now he had always had a heartfelt devotion to Blessed Peter, and so, by the mercy of God, it happened that towards that same midnight he began to amend, and made such swift progress towards recovery, that after a few days he was pronounced out of peril.

But when the bones began to mend and to be knit firmly together, one bone below the knee overlapped the other; whence it resulted that the leg was shortened, and the bone thrusting itself out of its place was visible as a small excrescence. And he, whose heart was set on remaining in the world, would not bear this, but asked the surgeons whether the bone could not be cut out. They said it could be done, but that the pain would be greater than any pain he had suffered yet; for all the parts were perfectly healed, and it would be a long operation to cut out the bone. Nevertheless he resolved to undergo that martyrdom in order to secure the desired end (4); so that his elder brother wondered and was astonished at the pain which the sick man endured with his usual patience, declaring that he himself could never have had the courage voluntarily to undergo such agony.

When the flesh and the protruding bone had been cut away, remedies were applied to lengthen the shortened limb. Ointments were used, and instruments were fastened to the leg for several

days together, which kept it stretched, and thereby caused continual and severe pain. But our Lord restored him to health in the end; even though he was then not so completely cured, but that standing on his leg gave him more pain than could easily be borne; so that he was forced to lie on his bed. And when he felt rather better in health, he begged for some of those books wherein the wonderful adventures of illustrious men are written wherewith he might while away the time, for he was much given to the reading of these lying and vain romances. There was, however, nothing of the kind to be found in the house; but they gave him a book entitled *The Life of Christ*, and another called *Flowers of the Saints*, both in the Romance language.

From the frequent reading of these books he acquired an interest in the matters therein treated of. Sometimes from this kind of reading, his attention would wander to those subjects whereof he used to read aforetime; at others, his mind was bent only on the vanities which interested him before his illness,

and on many similar fancies just as they presented themselves to him. But there was one thought with which his heart busied itself more than with all the rest, insomuch that he remained absorbed and buried in it, for two, three or four hours together, unconscious of the passing time (5). This was what acts of service would be the most fitting for him to offer to a certain illustrious lady; how he could manage to get to the city where she dwelt; how he should address her, what amusements he could provide for her, by what sallies of wit he could divert her, what kind of knightly feat he might perform in her honour. And he was so possessed and rapt out of himself by these thoughts, that he quite forgot how what he desired to compass was altogether beyond his power, for indeed, the lady was exceedingly illustrious, and one of the chiefest of the aristocracy.[1]

But now, by Divine mercy, through his recent reading, these thoughts began to give place to others. For when he read the Life of

[1] The Spanish adds: She was neither countess nor duchess, but her rank was higher than either of these.

Christ our Lord and the Lives of the Saints, then he thought within himself and considered in this manner (6): "What if I did this thing which Blessed Francis did? What if I copied Blessed Dominic in this?" And thus he imagined many things, setting himself difficult and hard tasks: and as he did so he seemed to feel their performance less difficult; and this, for no further motive than could be yielded by the thought: "St. Dominic did this; therefore I also will do it: this was done by Blessed Francis; then I too will do it." These thoughts remained with him for some space of time; but afterward, at any interruption, vain and worldly notions replaced them and stayed as long. He was held back and hindered a great while by this alternation of thoughts; his soul within him being busied first with the things of God and then with worldly matters until from very weariness he put them all aside and turned to things indifferent.

There was, however, this distinction to be noted in his thoughts: that his soul found at the time great delight in pondering worldly things,

but when he desisted through weariness, he found himself sad and dry; whereas when he contemplated his departure for Jerusalem, or the eating of herbs only, and other severities practised by holy men, then he not only felt pleasure while he was engaged in these thoughts, but even when he laid them aside joy remained with him. Yet he did not much consider nor understand the meaning of this difference, until a day came wherein the eyes of his mind were opened, and he began to wonder at it, understanding from his own experience how it comes to pass that one kind of thoughts leaves sadness behind it and another gladness. And this was the first exercise of reason (7) which he made on the things of God.

Afterwards, when he was engaged on the Spiritual Exercises, it was from this experience that he was first enlightened to understand what he subsequently taught his followers about the diversity of spirits. When in this wise he gradually got to know the different spirits, divine or diabolic, wherewith he was influenced and had gained no little light from the aforesaid

reading of holy books, he began to think more seriously about his past life and to debate by what penances he might do satisfaction for the sins that bound him. His holy desires and thoughts of imitating saintly men came from no higher course of reasoning, than that he promised himself that by the help of divine grace what they had done he also would perform. And there was one above all other things which he desired, namely, to set forth for Jerusalem as soon as he was well enough, and diligently to afflict himself with as many fastings and scourgings as the desire of penance in a soul so generous, so enkindled with God's spirit, might dictate.

In consequence of these desires his former vain thoughts returned less and less often, and were at length forgotten and these desires were confirmed in no small degree by the following vision. On a certain night, as he lay awake he saw with open face the likeness of the Blessed Mother of God with her Holy Child Jesus, and as he gazed at them for a long space of time their look filled his soul with fulness of consola-

tion ; moreover, a loathing seized him for the former deeds of his life, especially for those relating to carnal desires, and he seemed to feel all phantasms of such things passing out of his soul. From that hour to the time when this book was written, in the month of August in the year 1555, he never yielded consent, even in the least degree, to any desire of that kind. As this was the result, it might be supposed that the thing (8) was from God, yet this he dared not assert, nor would he do more than reaffirm what has already been said. Still his brothers and those who were with him in the house easily perceived from outward signs how great a change had passed over his soul.

Meanwhile he continued his reading, being anxious for nothing, and holding to his holy resolutions. He spent all the time given to social intercourse in conversing about the things of God, whereby he helped souls not a little. As he delighted exceedingly in reading the aforesaid books, it came into his mind to make extracts from them, and to copy out in short the more excellent parts of the Lives of

Christ and of the Saints. Therefore he set to work at writing with great industry in a book containing about three hundred leaves in quarto; for he had begun to leave his bed for short spells. Therein he wrote the words of Christ in red, and the Blessed Virgin's in blue; the writing was carefully finished, the lines even and regular, the letters were beautifully formed and finely painted. He divided his time between writing and prayer while making this book. He found no greater consolation than in looking up at the sky and the stars (9), for in doing so, often and long, his soul was strongly impelled, as it were, to seek the service of God. He reflected frequently on the resolution he had taken, desiring to be altogether healed, that he might set forth on his journey.

While he was revolving in his mind what he had best do when he came back from Jerusalem in order to carry out his intention of living a life of unceasing penance, he was struck by the thought of entering the Carthusian Convent of Seville, as a lay-brother, telling no one who

he was; for there he could live on herbs and nothing else. On the other hand, remembering what penances he was thirsting to undergo as a wanderer over the earth, he bridled his desire of entering the Carthusian Order, fearing that he might not be able there fully to satisfy the hatred he had conceived against himself (10). Yet he ordered a servant who was going to Burgos to inquire into the Carthusian Rule and Institution. He was pleased with what he was told, but did not pay much attention to the matter, partly for the reason aforesaid, partly because he was engrossed in his impending departure; whereas the other matter needed not to be considered till after his return. And when he had regained some strength he saw that the time for departure had come; and he said to his brother: "My lord, you know that the Duke of Najera is aware of my recovery, it will be well that I go to him." The Duke was in the town of Najera at that time. But his brother, who suspected with some others of the household that he was meditating some great change, led

him from one room of the house to another, entreating and adjuring him not to ruin himself; begging him to see what great hopes men had of him, what glory and honour was in store for him, with much of the same kind; all which things were intended to draw him away from his holy purposes. But he made answer in such wise without in anything swerving (11) from truth—for even then this was one of his strongest principles—that his brother released him.

Notes on Chapter I.

(1). What change in his mode of life is marked by this date—*sc.*, four years before the siege of Pampeluna—is not very clear, since that which there occurred is adduced to exemplify his greed of honour. It may indicate that up to that age he lived without any attempt at restraint; such as perhaps he began to exercise before his conversion. But more likely it is intended as a summary of his life prior to his entrance upon military service. It may be regarded as the now commonly received opinion, that St. Ignatius was born on December 24, 1691. This is the view sup-

ported by Father Fidel Fita, in the *Boletin de la Real Academia de la Historia*, vol. xvii. p. 517, by the Editors of the *Monumenta Historica Societatis Jesu*, and by Alberdingk Thijm, in a long article he has devoted to this question in the Dutch *Studien*.[1] The modern Bollandists, however, do not regard the matter as finally set at rest.[2] It is admitted that Father Polanco, who should have had the means of ascertaining the truth, came to the conclusion that the Saint was born in 1495, though he had previously been of a different opinion, and certainly the words of St. Ignatius in this passage seem to suggest that he was twenty-six years old at the time of that great change in his life which came about through his wound at the siege of Pampeluna. It is possible, however, that he may have wished to say that until the age of twenty-six he led an idle life at Court, and then gave himself to martial exercises. We know upon tolerably good evidence, that Ignatius spent his early years as a page in the household of Juan Velazquez, *Contador Mayor* of Ferdinand and Isabella, who lived principally at Arévalo, in Castille, but whose duties obliged him to follow the Court. This arrangement terminated with

[1] *Studien op godsdienstig Gebied*, vol. xlii. pp. 165—191, and xliii. pp. 267—275.

[2] *Analecta Bollandiana*, vol. xiii. p. 305.

the death of Velazquez, which took place in 1517, and on the supposition that he was born, as commonly stated, in 1491, Ignatius would have been twenty-six years old. After receiving from the widow of Juan Velazquez a present of fifty crowns and a pair of horses, he entered the service of the Duke of Nájera.[1] The next few years were spent in campaigning, and in 1521 took place the siege of Pampeluna, where he received his wound.

(2). This practice of confession to a layman in cases of extremity, of which Aquinas takes notice (IV. *Sent.* xvii. q. 3. a. 3. q. 2. corp.), is probably a survival from more primitive times, before public confession to the Church was so completely replaced by private confession to the priest representing the Church, as is now the case. There seems to have been an idea prevalent even in St. Ignatius' day, that when a priest could not be had, one was bound to give this proof of the sincerity of one's desire to receive the Sacrament of Penance.

(3). A parallel to this incident may be quoted from the life of another soldier of our own times, also a man conspicuous for his indomitable force of will—the late General Sir Charles

[1] *Boletin de la Real Academia de la Historia*, vol. xiv. pp. 492—520, and vol. xvi. pp. 75, 76; G. de Henao, *Antiguedades de Cantabria*, vol. vii. p. 227.

Napier, G.C.B. At the age of seventeen he broke his leg. Pale and sick as he was, he made another young officer hold his foot while he pulled up his knee, and thus "set his leg himself." But the fracture was so bad and the quantity of extravasated blood so great, that the doctors at first insisted on amputation. Napier determined to commit suicide rather than live a cripple, and procured laudanum for the purpose; but a change of opinion on the part of the doctors saved him, as he said, "from a contemptible action." The leg, however, was badly set, and he limped horribly. The doctors then told him that if he could bear the pain they would break it again or bend it straight. A night was given him for consideration, but the thought of his sweetheart and a visit from the young lady herself nerved his resolution. "Be quick," he said to the doctors, when they came in the morning, "make the most of my courage while it lasts."

"It took all that day and part of the next to bend the leg with bandages, which were tied to a wooden bar and tightened every hour, day and night. I fainted several times, and when the two tormentors arrived next day, struck my flag, saying: Take away your bandages, for I can bear no more. They were taken off and I felt in heaven; not the less so, that the leg was straight." A short time afterwards he rode

from Limerick to Dublin, a hundred and ten miles, on one horse between sunrise and sunset.

(4). This incident gives evidence of an unusual degree of that will-power in respect of which men are so unequally characterized—in some sense a psychological, rather than a moral force—a faculty of intensely realizing the end in view and of permanently concentrating one's attention upon it; a power, like most others, for great good or for great evil, according as it pressed into the service of one motive or another. Later, he uses it as strongly in opposition to his natural pride, as here, in its interest.

(5). This absorption of the attention in the object of affectionate contemplation, to the oblivion of time, is to be noted as indicative of that ecstatic tendency which later manifested itself in regard to divine things. For what is ecstasy but being out of oneself, owing to the voluntary or involuntary withdrawal of the attention to other things? In the former case, it is an effect of psychic strength, of a power of abstraction; in the latter, of weakness, or an inability to resist distraction. Yet this weakness may in some cases be merely relative to the strength of the object; there are joys and fears and other emotional intensities that would for the time being destroy the self-consciousness of an archangel.

(6). This seems to be the very point of bifurcation at which his future course is determined; and, as might be expected, it is almost impossible to see just where and how the new motive is slipped in, and begins to struggle with and prevail over the old. We notice, again, how a natural, and, in some way, morally indifferent characteristic, seems to be instrumental in the change. A delight in difficult and heroic feats, in doing something big and generous, was part of his temperament from the first. To regard this as personal pride, however pride may have mingled with it or been increased by it, is a mistake. There is sufficient "goodness" in such kind of action to make it in itself something pleasurable for a soul so constituted, without seeking any outside motive. It was common both to chivalry and to sanctity, to offer abundant occasions for the heroic; and it seems to have been precisely on this side that the life of Christ and the saints appealed to him; just as did that of Amadis of Gaul. In nearly all such "conversions," the first attraction is thus traceable to something indifferent; to some natural taste or tendency which religion satisfies; and the bait being swallowed, the hook and the line will do the rest. There does not seem at first to have been any explicit idea of doing these hard deeds for love of Christ or out of devotion to the

saints; but simply in the spirit of healthy emulation, which makes us wish to do what others have done, for the deed's sake, and not for envy or other egoist motives. Later, the admiration of Christ's heroism seems, under the influence of faith, to have given birth to personal love, so that He became not merely the pattern of divine chivalry, but the recipient of that loyal devotion which Ignatius had hitherto spent on the mistress of his affections; the one for whose sake hard things were doubly welcome.

(7). So far he seems to have been unconscious and passive under the attraction to better things, not seeing whither it was leading him, nor aware that in any sense, he was being led or overruled. But now he is arrested by a fact of observation, and is forced to reflect. His own later explanation of this experience is that, when the soul, which is being drawn by grace, gives itself by its musings and dreaming an impetus in the same direction, it finds itself calm, and even positively happy, on desisting from such thoughts; for the affections are still vibrating in accord with God's spirit. But contrary thoughts give a contrary impetus; whence a feeling of trouble and discord. It is not till the fish drags against the line that it perceives itself hooked; and so it was first in a similar experience that Ignatius found that he

was in other hands than his own. It is no longer open to him to dream of and to purpose great feats of any kind soever, whether of chivalry or sanctity, according as one or the other more delights his imagination; but a choice between shadow and substance; between type and archetype, has begun to force itself upon him; in a word, a supernatural vocation is shaping itself.

(8). It is not clear whether the "thing" referred to in the text is the vision, or its seemingly preternatural accompaniment and consequence, namely, his delivery from the besetting remembrances and images of carnal sins. In the very nature of things, such a deliverance might be effected in so intense a soul by this clear intuition gendering an ardent love of those to whom all carnality is conceived as absolutely antagonistic; so that having once looked upon the face of the Mother and her Son, all such incompatible imaginings would be for ever excluded by the hatefulness thus associated with them, once and for all.

(9). This star-gazing passion has marked so many big souls as to be worth noting. Kant confessed himself awed by two things, the heavens without, and the moral law within; Dante again implies everywhere the same sentiment; the Psalmist of the Hebrews is pregnant with it; and doubtless, instances could be multiplied

without number, of the association of these two worships. Those who live for ideals and for the eternal invisible realities of faith and right reason, are impeded continually by the life of the senses, and by the illusions of worldliness founded thereon, which make the truth shadowy and shadows real and substantial. This error of the imagination against which reason and faith are so helpless finds a corrective in its own order, and from the very senses themselves when, in the quiet of night as soon as sleep has stilled the inane turmoil of external life, and the world is as it was before its peace was broken by man, we look up to the silent stars tranquilly moving in their preordained courses, from eternity to eternity unchanged for all our changing. Even with his limited childish knowledge of the heavens, then thought to be subordinate to and centred round a motionless earth, he could exclaim: *Quomodo sordescit terra dum cœlum conspicio*—"How mean, how contemptible is earth when I gaze upon heaven;" as the Psalmist had exclaimed before him: "When I consider the heavens, what is man?" Much more to us, who know our earth for one particle of dust in a sandstorm, should the contemplation of the night-sky serve as a corrective to our animal-minded exaggeration of the importance of man, apart from the divinity that dwells in his conscience.

(10). It is not now merely a delight in doing hard and strong things, such as makes "the giant exult to run his race," that drives him to a sort of reckless austerity; but a certain hatred which he has come to conceive against himself, for having offended, albeit to some extent ignorantly, One who has now become the Master of his heart, the recipient of his loyal love. This is a natural and universal element of the penitential spirit. Who has not at times, whether from right motives or wrong, felt annoyed with himself, and been driven to some act of self-punishment? And what more laudably can excite such annoyance than to have acted meanly or cruelly or ungratefully towards one whom we either loved at the time, or came to love afterwards?

(11). The social sentiment with regard to truth, has always been in Spain much the same as in England; that is to say, very high among the gentry and indeed in all classes, except where trade and competition brings the usual consequences of sharping and over-reaching. It was not only as a typical Spanish gentleman that St. Ignatius had that respect for the letter of truth, without which the spirit cannot long endure; but moreover his mental and interior truthfulness, his dread of illusion and self-deception and reality was in some sense his most striking characteristic.

The whole aim of the Spiritual Exercises is to arrive at a decision without any illusion or self-deception; the whole battle is against inordination, that is, against those affections which bias our judgment and hinder us from an impartial view in practical matters. Even his "obedience of judgment" is directed against a certain egoistic narrowness or "personal error," which vitiates the view of the individual. Now nothing is more common than to find an almost superstitious verbal veracity accompanied by an absolute lack of fair-mindedness and mental truthfulness; but these latter are always guarantee for the former. There may be fifty motives for verbal veracity, besides love of truth for its own sake and for God's sake; but only that motive will compel a man to be truthful with himself in the secret converse of his mind.

CHAPTER II.

HE FORSAKES HIS OWN COUNTRY. WHAT BEFELL AT MONTSERRAT AND AT MANRESA.

THEREWITH he departed, on a mule, and from the day that he left his own people and went forth by himself, he scourged his body every night. Another of his brothers wished to accompany him as far as Ogna, whom he persuaded during the journey to stay and watch one night at that Sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin which gets its name from Arancuz. In that same night, when he had prayed for new strength for the journey, he left his brother in their sister's house where they were staying and went on to Najera. As he remembered that certain ducats were owing to him at the Duke's house, he thought he would demand them, and for this end he wrote a note to the treasurer. He ordered some to be distributed

among those to whom he knew himself indebted, and some to be expended on the restoration of a certain dilapidated image of the Blessed Virgin. After this he sent away the two servants he had with him and went, by mule, alone, from Najera to Montserrat [which is a mountain in hither Spain, in the region now called Catalonia[1]].

It will be well to relate what happened to him on this journey, that we may see and understand how God guided this soul, still blind (1) but all on fire with longing to serve Him to the best of his knowledge. To this end he set himself severe penances, not so much in satisfaction for his sins, but rather that he might be more pleasing to God. Yea, and he affirmed that he had so lively a desire of doing great things for Christ, that although he vehemently abhorred his former sins and could not believe them to have been remitted, yet he was hardly mindful of them when he was devising penances to undergo. Whenever

[1] Not in the Spanish, and presumably added by the Latin translator.

he called to mind any of the penances endured by holy men of old, his one thought always was how to suffer the like or even greater things. Herein lay his whole consolation without deeper reason of any kind, for he did not yet perceive and know wherein humility consisted, nor charity, nor patience, nor prudence, which prescribes the mean to these virtues; but he looked only to this one thing, the performance of the outward acts of heroism, just because holy men had done them for the glory of God, and having no regard to any other particular circumstance.

Now as he pursued his journey a certain Saracen followed him, riding on a mule. And while they were talking together they chanced to speak of the Most Blessed Virgin. The Saracen said that he could well imagine that a virgin should conceive without the operation of man, but that she should remain a virgin after child-bearing he could not possibly believe; and all the many reasons that the pilgrim gave did not alter his opinion in the slightest degree (2). Meanwhile the Moor

rode on so quickly that he was soon out of the pilgrim's[1] sight; whose soul was troubled and full of heaviness as he thought over these things, for he supposed he must have played his part badly; moreover, he was moved with indignation against the Moor, and accused himself of having done evil in allowing such things to be uttered of the Blessed Virgin in his hearing; and in consequence thought he was bound for her honour's sake to reopen the dispute. Thereupon he was seized with a longing to go and seek out the Moor and despatch him with his dagger, on account of what he had said of our Most Blessed Lady.

After long wrestling with these thoughts he was still doubtful, nor could he distinguish what he was bound to do in the matter. On leaving him behind, the Saracen had said that he was on his way to a certain place not far from the high-road. Wearied with debate and being unable to come to any certain conclusion, he decided to give the mule her head; if when they

[1] Henceforward Gonzales speaks of St. Ignatius as "the pilgrim."

came to the parting of the ways, the beast turned towards the place where the Saracen was, then he would find him and stab him; if she kept to the highway he would let him go. He followed this plan, but by the mercy of God it happened that the mule kept to the highway and avoided the other, although the spot was little more than thirty or forty paces from the road and the way leading to it was very broad and easy. Before he reached Montserrat he came to a certain large village, where he thought it well to buy garments befitting one who was a pilgrim to Jerusalem. He bought a piece of sack-cloth, not close-spun, but rough with unfinished ends; and ordered a garment reaching down to his feet to be made of it immediately. He also bought hempen shoes, but kept only one out of the pair; for he did not buy them for the sake of appearance, but because one of his legs was yet bandaged and so far from being perfectly healed that, although he had the mule to carry him, it was swollen and inflamed every night, wherefore he deemed it necessary to wear a

shoe on that foot. He also bought a pilgrim's staff, which is called in the Spanish tongue *bordòn*, and a gourd for holding water, and all these were placed on the mule and tied to the saddle.

And so he went on his way to Montserrat, considering, as he was wont, the great things he meant to do for the love of God. And as his mind was packed with the things written in Amadis de Gaul and other writings of that kind, he imagined for himself deeds like to theirs; he resolved for one thing to keep watch by his armour a whole night through, as is the wont of knights, without sitting or lying down, but standing and kneeling by turns before the altar of our Lady at Montserrat, where he had resolved to lay aside his own garments and to put on the armour of Christ. And as he went on his way his thoughts were ever the same, namely, the designs he had set before himself to accomplish. When he came to Montserrat, after much prayer, he made a written general confession of his sins with the confessor's consent, and spread it over three days (3).

It was agreed that the confessor was to take the mule; and that the sword and dagger were to be placed in the church, on the altar of the Most Blessed Mother of God. This was the first time that ever he had spoken to any man of his heart's desires, for he had never before laid them bare to any confessor.

On the eve of the Annunciation of the Most Blessed Mary, in the year 1522, he went out very secretly by night to a certain beggar, and putting off his own garments, gave them to him, and clothed himself in his long-desired pilgrim's garb, and went to cast himself on his knees before the altar of the Most Blessed Mother of God; and he passed the whole night there, sometimes thus, sometimes standing upright, staff in hand. At day-break he received the Holy Eucharist, and went away before any man could recognize him. He did not take the direct road to Barcelona, whereon he might meet many people who would know him and do him honour; but he bent his steps aside towards a town called Manresa, where he meant to tarry for some days in the hospital

and to write down a few matters in his book, which he had brought with him carefully and much to his consolation. When Montserrat was about a league behind, a certain man, who had followed him with great speed, came up with him and strictly inquired of him whether it was true that he had given some clothes to a poor man, as the man himself declared. He replied that he had indeed given them. And then the tears rose to his eyes from compassion because that the beggar had been in trouble and counted as a thief for possessing those garments. Although his chief aim had been to flee the esteem of men, he could not manage to stay long at Manresa without great things being noised abroad about him, the rumour springing from what had occurred at Montserrat, and increasing until more things were told than ever had happened; such as that he had renounced great riches, and like vain reports.

He lived at Manresa by begging his bread from day to day, neither eating flesh nor drinking wine, even if they were given to him. On Sundays he did not fast; and if a little

wine were given to him he drank it. And as he was somewhat nice about the arrangement of his hair, as was the fashion of those days, and became him not ill, he allowed it to grow naturally, and neither combed it nor trimmed it nor wore any head-covering by day or night. For the same reason he did not pare his finger or toe-nails, for in these points he had been fastidious to an extreme.

While he dwelt in the hospital it often happened that he saw in clear daylight something hanging in the air close to him, and he found much pleasure and solace in looking at it because of its exceeding beauty. He could not easily make out its nature sufficiently to know what it was or whereof it was made, but it seemed to him to have something of the serpent kind about it, shining with what looked like eyes and yet were not eyes. He took great delight in the appearance of this thing, and the more often he saw it, the more he liked to see it; and when it vanished out of his sight he took it ill (4).

His interior life had been for the most part

very evenly happy and uneventful up to this time, without any discernment of inward spiritual things. While the vision aforesaid lasted—and it lasted several days—or perhaps a little before it began, he was mightily assailed and troubled in his mind by the thought of the hardness of the life he had set himself to live, even as if he heard an inner voice calling to him and saying: "How can you possibly endure such a life as this through the seventy years yet before you?" And he, recognizing his enemy in this, spoke in his thoughts, and answered: "Canst thou, O wretched creature, promise me even one hour of life?" By doing this the temptation was overcome and he found himself at rest. And this was the first temptation subsequent to what has been already narrated. This happened when he went into the church, where he was daily present at the High Mass and at Vespers and Compline, in which things he received much comfort. It was his custom to read the story of the Passion while hearing Mass, always possessing his soul in tranquillity.

But after the temptation to which we just now referred, he began to experience great changes in his soul; sometimes he was destitute of all taste for spiritual things, and found no sweetness in saying prayers, nor in hearing Mass, nor in any other kind of devotion; sometimes, on the contrary, there would come a sudden outburst of affection, and like as when one snatches a cloak from off a man's shoulders, even so were all heaviness and sorrow taken away. When he became aware of these hitherto unexperienced changes he began to be astonished and to say within himself: "What new kind of life is this on which we are entering?" At this time he was wont to have free converse with divers spiritual persons, who confided in him because, though he had small skill in spiritual matters (5), yet his speech inspired a great fervour and longing to go onward in the way of God.

There was at Manresa a woman of great age, who had long been devoted to the service of God, and whose repute was so well-known in many parts of Spain, that the Catholic King had once

summoned her to converse with him and give him counsel. It befell that this woman met with Christ's new recruit, and said to him: "O that Jesus Christ my Lord would one day show Himself to thee!" And he, astonished at her saying, and understanding her literally, answered: "And how should Christ appear to me?"

Now he never neglected the custom he had begun of confessing and communicating every Sunday. In which matter he endured much difficulty, being disquieted with scruples and painful uncertainty. Although he had written out his general confession at Montserrat, and had made it diligently enough, yet now he sometimes imagined that he had omitted this thing or that, whereat he was not a little cast down. And when he would then confess it, yet his soul within him was never at rest. Hence he began to inquire of spiritual men for a remedy, but was nothing profited. At last a great doctor in these matters who preached in the largest church there, bade him in confession to write down all he could remember, and this

he did. And after confession the scruples returned again each day about smaller things than ever. He was in grievous torment about this, not being ignorant that scruples are exceedingly harmful, and that he would be well rid of them; but he could not act on this and drive them away. Sometimes it was in his mind that it would be well if his confessor charged him and forbade him in the name of Jesus our Lord, to confess any more things out of his past life; and he wished that his confessor would so command him, but he did not dare suggest it himself.

Notes on Chapter II.

(1). Here Gonzales, inspired by Ignatius, says openly, what some would foolishly think it for the Saint's honour to deny: that his mind was passing slowly from darkness to light; from error to truth; in regard to the spiritual life. It is God who gives this strong, ardent desire for better things, drawing the soul towards Himself as the sun draws the seedling up through the dark earth into the

light of day. But it is a blind drawing, and the interpretation and right understanding of it, is largely left to the natural working of our own mind; though to those who follow as much light as is given them, God gives more; and the more they yield to the force that acts upon them, the more forcibly does it act. The whole fruit of this self-revelation which the Saint has given us, lies in our being able to trace the steady development in clearness and completeness of an idea at first childish, vague, and confused, such as we should expect in a soldier who had never given any thought except to external matters. From first to last we see a strong, though ever strengthening, will to do the right and to give God the best; and yet a slow and toilsome disentangling of the precise nature of that "right" and "best." First, a desire of doing "great things" because they were great and noble; then, a fierce indignation against self, seeking vengeance in unlimited penance; then, as we read later, not so much desires of self-hatred as "a desire of doing *great things* for Christ;" caring little what things, so long as they were great, having no discernment as to the refinements of Christ's will touching humility, charity, or patience; and least of all, touching prudence, which is so to say, the perfect science of the will of God.

(2). The Saracen's difficulty, whether his-

torical or philosophical, is not very clear; for he seems to swallow the camel quietly enough, though straining at the gnat. We should doubt very much whether the neo-convert's dialectic was likely to be convincing, and the Moor, in hurrying ahead, seemed to consider that his skill in arguments of another sort was more to be dreaded. In all this incident we have an admirable illustration, parallel to that given by the Boanerges in the Gospel, of ardent but absolutely untaught zeal for the right. It is not merely in the name and pretence of religion, but from genuinely religious motives, that the most irreligious deeds are continually committed. I think, however, it is a verbal mistake to apply the word "fanaticism" to such misdirected zeal, since that term implies culpable rather than inculpable perversion of the judgment; or perhaps, a perversion due to the very heat of enthusiasm, and tending to religious mania; not a mere ignorance co-existing with zeal and misdirecting it. In leaving the decision of the Saracen's fate to chance, or to a miraculous intervention, he displays a superstition singularly contrasting with the wisdom and rationality of his later Rules for Election.

(3). One needs no better comment on the unwisdom of such a method of confession, laying such undue emphasis as it does on the

importance of integrity in detail, than the miserable scrupulosity and spiritual terrors to which it subsequently gave birth.

(4). When we "come to visions and revelations of the Lord," we are treading on slippery ground. Much attention has been given by modern psychology to kindred matters, which may eventually help us to discern more skilfully between the natural and the preternatural. Plainly, it is of little moment whether we regard what is seen in visions as being really localized outside the senses of the seer, or as being the projected creation of his own brain; since the latter may at times just as well be an effect of preternatural intervention; nor can the question be settled in favour of objectivity by the agreement of simultaneous witnesses; since the power that could act thus upon one mind could as easily act on many together. It is therefore by quite other tests that the natural or preternatural character of visions must be determined. St. Ignatius safely confines himself to the statement of appearances, without dogmatizing as to their origin. To say that such phenomena, even if natural, are unhealthy and morbid because they are rare, is an assertion denied to-day by some of the closest students of the subject, who rather maintain that clairvoyance and like gifts are the proper and natural adjuncts of certain states of

spiritual exaltation which, however rare, are compatible with and even characteristic of the most perfectly developed mental and physical energy. Hysteria indeed shows kindred phenomena, because then there is a disturbance of the due equilibrium between the spiritual and the sensible faculties of the soul, springing from a certain weakness and want of control on the part of the will and attention; but where the power of will and attention is strong, a like unbalance, self-effected, may follow, which is no more morbid than any freely cultivated development of one faculty at the expense of another. From whichever side the inequality comes, whether morbidly, through a weak indulgence of the sensuous side of our nature; or naturally, through the deliberate diversion of energy to the higher faculties, the results will be similar in some respects; whence it has been observed that the most powerful personalties often exhibit phenomena which are too rashly supposed to be exclusively characteristic of hysterical weakness. The miracle in the case of a temperament like that of Ignatius, where the emotional intensity is so great, and the power of attention and concentration so super-normal, would be the absence of ecstasies, raptures, and visions. Indeed, we see how he deliberately fought against such tendencies, and kept them under by sheer

force of will, whenever he judged they might hinder greater good. That the visions he experienced were, directly or indirectly, preternatural he himself has no doubt; but whether the phantasmal appearances were simply the spontaneous self-embodiment of vivid ideas seeking pictorial utterance and expression, and so completely absorbing the attention needed for comparison, as to acquire the reality of dreams; or whether they, no less than the ideas they embodied, were immediately of more than natural origin is needless to determine. The law of "parsimony," as well as the general absence of the miraculous from the life of this Saint, may incline some to the former more laborious hypothesis. We may notice that his visions are often, unlike those of most New Testament saints, symbolic rather than realistic; as, for example, that of the serpent full of eyes and vaguely seductive, whose real nature is betrayed in the light of the Cross; the round, golden, sun-like body by which Christ is made present to his outward vision; the triple plectrum, or three-keyed harmony which symbolizes what was revealed to him about the Trinity; the sun showering down its rays of light, which summed up in sense-language what he saw mentally concerning the mystery of creation. Again, the indistinction of members which characterized his visions of the human

forms of Christ and Mary is peculiar and inexplicable; though the coped figures with which his eyes may have been familiar in Spanish shrines might explain that form of presentment. In all cases we feel we have a simple and accurate account of just what appeared, neither more or less, without gloss or comment.

(5). Here we cannot but contrast his earlier with his later judgments. Even untaught fervour is self-communicative, however imperfectly it may explain itself; its instincts will often be right where reasoning will fail utterly. But if discretion is not everything (and indeed if there be no enthusiasm there is nothing for it to restrain), yet zeal without discretion is always full of danger; wherefore, we find him later recognizing the need of mental training both for himself and his followers; for to refuse to enter into the fruit of the labours of others is often to waste the gifts of genius and originality in labouring to reach the point from which we else might have started, to the greater profit of ourselves and others. But we shall see later that he by no means approves the tyranny of method over spontaneity; or of dead books over the living mind; or the perversion of a help into a hindrance.

CHAPTER III.

CONCERNING HIS SCRUPLES; HIS CELESTIAL FAVOURS; HIS JOURNEY TO BARCELONA.

THOUGH he himself did not suggest it, his confessor told him not to confess anything more of his past sins, unless something very plainly and manifestly sinful came to memory. But since he viewed them all as manifestly sinful, this order in no wise helped him, and he was left in perpetual misery. At that time, by the kindness of the Fathers, he was living in a cell in the Dominican monastery, and his rule was to pray for seven hours a day on his bended knees, being prompt to rise at midnight, nor did he rest from scourging himself three times a day with great severity, nor from his other exercises. But none of these practices drove away his scruples, though they had sorely burdened him for many months by now. At last one day, when they were like to be too

heavy for him, and he was greatly distressed, he gave himself to prayer, and as he prayed his heart became hot within him until he broke out and cried with a loud voice to God, saying: "Make haste to help me, Lord, for there is no help in man, neither in any creature do I find relief! Ah, if I knew where I might find it, no labour would seem great nor hard. Lord, show me where it is hid. As for me, had I to go after a dog's whelp and take my cure from him, I should do it."

While these thoughts were disturbing him, he was often violently tempted to throw himself down from a great window in his cell. Now the window was hard by the place where he was wont to pour out his prayers. Then he cried out again when he saw that he would be committing a sin in killing himself: "Lord, I will not do what offendeth Thee." And he repeated these and like words over and over again, until he reminded himself of the story of a holy man who, not knowing how else to get what he wanted from God, fasted from all food for many days, until he attained his desire.

He reflected on this for some time, and finally resolved to do it; neither food nor drink would he even have near him until God looked down and regarded his prayer, unless indeed he found himself at the point of death; for if he found himself in such extreme that except he ate he should die, then he would ask for bread and would eat it.

This was done on Sunday after Communion; he ate no morsel the whole of that week, at the same time omitting none of his accustomed exercises of penance, such as hearing Divine Office, praying throughout his appointed hours on his knees, rising at midnight, and the rest. The following Sunday, making his confession as usual, he told his confessor he had eaten nothing all the week, for he always opened himself fully and did not keep back the least thing. Thereupon his confessor bade him break that fast. And he obeyed, though his strength had lasted hitherto; and he had freedom from his scruples that day and the following. The third day which was Tuesday, on betaking himself to prayer, his sins came to mind, one

giving birth to another, in such wise that his thought was carried back from sin to sin of his past life, till he thought he ought to go to confession again. After this he began to be weary of the life he was leading, and therewith came a sudden impulse to put an end to it. But like as one is awaked out of sleep, so did it please God to bring him out of his trouble. Now, being taught of God, he had gained some experience in the discernment of spirits, and began calling to mind the means whereby that spirit had come upon him, and in consequence he resolved with great clearness never again to mention the past in confession. Thus, he was delivered from scruples from that day forth, knowing for certain that it had pleased our Lord, after His loving-kindness, to set him free.

He employed himself in helping some souls who came to him outside his seven hours of prayer. The rest of the time he spent in thoughts of God, gleaned from what he had read or meditated that day. But as soon as he went to bed such wonderful lights and con-

solations filled his soul, that much of the short time wherein he should have slept was lost. He reflected on this, and considered that he was giving all the rest of the day beside that which he had set apart, to converse with God; hence he fell into doubt whether these enlightenments were really from the Good Spirit; at length he decided they had better be rejected, and the appointed time given to sleep (1), and this he did.

Again, while he was steadily persisting in abstaining from flesh-meat, without a thought of change, one morning after he was up, he saw as it were with his bodily eyes an appearance of flesh-meat ready prepared for eating, though he had not felt the slightest longing for flesh-meat (2) beforehand, and at the same time he experienced and felt his will within him wholly consenting to the thought that he should thereafter feed on flesh-meat. Although he had not forgotten his former resolve, he could not doubt but that now he ought to eat flesh. When he carried the matter to his confessor, he was told to see if this were not a temptation; but on

weighing the matter carefully he could not think so.

God wrought with him at this time, as a master with a school-boy whom he teaches (3). But whether this was on account of his ignorance and slowness of mind; or because there was no one else to teach him; or because of his steadfast will to serve God, which God Himself has given him; yet so he judged and always had judged, that God had dealt with him; nor did he think he could call it in doubt without offending his Divine Majesty.[1] We shall mention five considerations which tended to strengthen him in this opinion:

First, he had a great devotion to the Blessed Three-in-One, and used to pray every day

[1] We omit several explanatory parentheses that the Latin translator has here inserted, and which add much to the obscurity of this passage. The sense is: Whatever the reason of such a favour; whether it be that assigned by the Saint in his humility (namely, his own stupidity which needed special succour) or the absence of any human guide capable of directing so exceptional a case; or the reward of his great zeal in God's service; certain it is that God took his spiritual education in hand in a way quite unmistakable.

to each Person separately; but as he also addressed himself to the One-in-Three, this four-fold prayer to the Trinity of Persons offered a difficulty to his mind. However, this seemed to him too small to be treated as of any importance (4). But one day, as he knelt on the steps of the monastery reciting the Hours of the Blessed Virgin, the eyes of his mind were opened, and he saw the Most Holy Trinity as it were under the likeness of a triple plectrum, or of three spinet-keys. At this sight he broke out into sighs and tears, and could by no means contain himself. And while he accompanied the procession which started from that church the same day, he could not control his tears until dinner; nor from dinner could he speak of anything but the Blessed Trinity, using similitudes and speaking in many and diverse parables with great joy and consolation. Yea, so deep an impress had this left, that throughout his life he was filled with warm devotion whenever he prayed to the Most Holy Trinity.

At another time the manner of God's creating

the world was most clearly presented to his thought. He seemed to see something white, and rays proceeded from it, and out of it God shed forth light. He never could find words to explain it fully, nor remember the images whereby God imprinted it on his soul (5). He was still at Manresa, where he was about a year in all, and there too it was that perceiving what consolations came to him from God, and seeing the fruit reaped from helping other souls, he ceased from this time forth from the extreme severities he had been wont to practise; and also he began to cut his nails and his hair (6). There also it was that when he was at Mass in the monastery church, and when the Body of the Lord was lifted up, he saw with his mind's eye an appearance as of white rays descending from on high. And, notwithstanding that after so long a time he could not call to mind and explain how he saw it, yet this thing he saw clearly, namely, in what manner Jesus Christ our Lord is present in the Most Holy Sacrament. And when at prayer he often saw for a long time Christ's

Humanity with his inward eyes, under a form like as of a white body, neither great nor small, but no members could be perceived therein distinctly. He saw this many times at Manresa, and were he to say twenty or forty times, he could not be positive that he was wrong. He saw it once at Jerusalem, and again when walking near Padua. After the same fashion, without distinction of members, he saw the Blessed Virgin Mary. He was no little comforted by these visions, and often thought that even if Scripture had not taught those mysteries of faith, he would have been resolved to die for them after what he himself had seen.

He went to pray one day in a church a little more than a mile distant from Manresa, dedicated, I think, to St. Paul. The road led thither along a river-bank. And on his way, being intent on prayer, he sat down facing the stream which was running deep (7). While he was sitting there the eyes of his mind were opened, not so as to see any kind of vision, but so as to understand and comprehend spiritual

things such as those pertaining to the mysteries of the Faith, or to profane learning,[1] and this with such clearness that for him all these things were made new. Neither could he give a plain account of each of them separately, which though they were many, he had yet comprehended, for a brightness so clear and penetrating illumined the darkness of his mind, that if all the enlightenment and help he had received from God in the whole course of his life down to this sixty-second year, and over, and everything he had learnt were gathered together into one heap, these all would appear less than he had been given at this one time.

Hereby his understanding was as much enlightened as if he had been made another man and another mind had been given to him. When this state had lasted some little time he knelt before the cross that was there, and gave thanks. There, again, that vision presented itself which he had often seen, but had never discovered what it was, I mean that beautiful

[1] *Literarumque peritiam.* The meaning is obscure in such a context.

object shining with the likeness of many eyes, spoken of above, which he used to see in front of him. But before the cross it was easy to observe that its colour was not so lovely as aforetime, and he recognized with perfect clearness that it was a demon, his will wholly consenting to this perception. And whenever thereafter it appeared again, which it did frequently for a long time, he used to drive it off with the stick he carried in his hand.

As he lay sick of a dangerous fever at Manresa, and death seemed nigh at hand, and he thought it evident that his soul was about to depart, a temptation to self-righteousness entered his mind, against which he laboured, resisting with his whole strength, by setting his own sins before his eyes. And the efforts he made towards overcoming the thought exhausted him more than his sickness, but he could not thrust it out. As soon as he was anywise out of danger, and the fever was a little abated, he began crying out to the noble ladies who had come to visit him, adjuring them that if they ever saw him again at the point of death, for

the love wherewith they loved God, to cry aloud: "O sinner," and "Be mindful of those things wherein thou hast offended God."

Another time he was sailing from Valentia to Italy, and the rudder being broken by the violence of the storm, things had come to such a pass that both he and they that were with him thought they could be saved only by a miracle. This time, while searching his thoughts and preparing for death, he was not afraid, on account of his sins nor of possible damnation, but was mastered by great shame and sorrow for not having well employed God's good gifts and graces. At yet another time, in the year 1550, he fell into a sickness which he and many others thought to be his last. But now, as he thought of death, he was so comforted at the prospect, that he was altogether dissolved in tears. And in this state of mind he remained ever after, so that often he had to turn his mind from the thought of death lest he should experience too excessive consolation therein.

The next winter he was seized with a violent sickness, and that he might be nursed, the town

committed him to the house of one who was father of a certain Ferrera (afterwards in the service of Balthasar Faria),[1] and had him tended there with the utmost care and diligence. And many of the highest and most noble ladies watched by him at night, for they were very kindly disposed to him. When he recovered, as he was still very weak and suffered severe pain in the stomach, for which reason, and as it was the depth of winter, they prevailed on him to wear clothes and shoes and some kind of head-covering. He was compelled to accept two scanty garments, made of very coarse, greyish cloth and a sort of skull-cap of the same colour.

Long ere this he had desired to discourse on spiritual matters and to meet with those who had a capacity that way; but meanwhile the time appointed for his departure to Jerusalem

[1] Balthasar Faria, at a later period, was very much mixed up with the concerns of the Society. He was for a long time Ambassador of John III. of Portugal at the Papal Court, and in that capacity had much business to transact with St. Ignatius. See *Cartas*, vol. i. pp. 138, seq., 275, seq. &c.

drew nigh. He set out therefore to go on board ship at Barcelona in the beginning of the year 1523; and there were some that offered to be his comrades whom he did not allow, for he willed to go alone, making it of much account that he should have no refuge saving God only. And when they urgently entreated him, and pressed one of them in particular upon him for his fellow, praising the man greatly, and pointing out what conveniences would result (for the pilgrim knew neither the Latin nor the Italian tongue), he replied that he would not have him for a comrade, no, not even if he were the son or the brother of the Duke of Cardona,[1] for that he wished to have the three virtues of faith, charity, and hope. Now had he a companion he would look to him for assistance when hungry, or for succour, should he

[1] We find from a letter of Father Araoz (*Epistolæ Mixtæ*, i. p. 98, cf. 150), that as early as 1542, Ferdinand Folch, Duke of Cardona, and his Duchess, were on intimate terms with the Society. They seem to have been closely connected with Isabel Roser. The Duke died at the beginning of 1544, assisted by Stephen de Eguia, the brother of Diego de Eguia, mentioned on page 128 below.

happen to fall, and thus he would begin to rely upon him and be fond of him, whereas he desired to place all this trust and hope and affection in God alone. And he meant what he said from his very soul. From the same cause he wished not only to embark alone, but also without taking any provision for the journey. When the question of the fare arose, the captain agreed to take him without payment, as he had no money with him; but on the understanding that he was to take enough ship's biscuit to support him during the voyage; else by no means would he have been admitted.

But when it came to the point of procuring these provisions he began to be troubled and scrupulous. "This, then, is thy hope and faith in God, in Whom thou didst certainly trust that He would not fail thee." And the thought assailed him with sufficient force to trouble him greatly. He decided to leave the matter to his confessor's judgment, as he was in uncertainty and saw good reasons on either side (8). He told him first how great was his longing for perfection, and how he pursued and followed

after that which was for the greater glory of God; next he explained the reasons that made him hesitate about taking provisions for the journey. The confessor gave judgment that he ought to beg for what was necessary and take it with him in the ship. Therefore when he asked a certain noble lady for the things he needed, she inquired whither he was bound. He paused, doubting whether he should open himself fully to her, and only dared tell her that he wanted to go to Italy and Rome. She, taken aback and wondering, said: "To Rome? I do not know what kind of people they come back who go there." The woman meant by these words that many came back little the better for going to Rome, because few set out with devout and holy intentions. The fear of vainglory wherewith he was so grievously troubled, was the reason why he did not reveal to her that he was going on to Jerusalem, nor did he dare to mention his birth-place or rank. When he had got the bread he went on board, but as there remained to him five or six silver pieces of Spanish money (called Blancas) from

those which he had begged, as he was wont, from door to door, he left them on a bench close by the landing-stage.

He had been at Barcelona rather more than twenty days before embarking. During this time of waiting he sought out the acquaintance of all spiritual persons, even if they dwelt in seclusion far from the town. But neither here nor all the while he was at Manresa, could he meet any one who could help him on as much as he desired. One woman alone he looked upon as having entered into the inmost spiritual mysteries, she, namely, who had said she prayed that Jesus Christ would appear to him. But after he left Barcelona he gave up this anxious searching after spiritual persons.

Notes on Chapter III.

(1). Notice the perfect rationality and self-control of his conduct in respect to these importunate distractions—the natural effect of the impetus given to the mind by intense and vivid meditation on such matters at other times. Perhaps to check all such spontaneous

extravagances of the brain would be to cut off an abundant source of suggestion, yet when we feel that the reins are slipping from our grasp, it is in the interest of sanity and of our ordinary occupations and needs to pull up with a firm hand.

(2). Here he applies a canon of criticism which he afterwards formulated. Not being able to find in himself any antecedent reason, either for the phantasmal appearance or for the sudden fixture of his will without any previous process of deliberation, he concludes that the cause is preternatural; and, on further reflection, divine.

(3). Nothing can be more plain than that the Saint himself recognizes the gradual formation of his mind, under the influence of that ardent desire to find and do the Divine will in all things, which was with him from the first, and that it is this process he is retracing in these brief memoirs.

(4). A scholastic doctrine touching an absolute subsistence of the Divine Nature besides the three relative subsistences that constitute the Persons, raised a cry of "quaternity" against its holders. Possibly some echo of this cry had reached the ears of Ignatius, and he felt that the form of his devotion might savour of unsoundness. I dare say most of us have now and then been disturbed in our prayers by

like dogmatic puzzles, especially in regard to the Second Person of the Trinity; or in addressing the Sacred Heart as a person. I heard a preacher once speak of a cause being "very dear to the heart of the Sacred Heart."

(5). We all know in some little degree what it is to have for a moment understood some problem and straightway to have forgotten the solution, save for some shreds of the pictorial imagination by which it was accompanied, and yet which do not suffice to bring it back to our consciousness. To have touched truth merely for an instant does not leave memory a chance of receiving a deep impression. At other times something has flashed out and gone into darkness again, leaving us glad or troubled; and yet no ghost of it can we recall.

(6). Once again we notice the correction of his crude and imperfect judgment. What self-hatred commands may be countermanded by a higher motive. When he penned his Rules he saw clearly how, not merely cleanliness which is due to right self-reverence, but even a regard for purely conventional decencies which is due to society in the same way that ceremonial observance is due to the Church, is often a condition of access to souls. Though we do not like it, we may pardon slovenliness in a genius, on the supposition that he is rapt above such sublunary trifles; but where one with no

such pretensions deliberately slights society by defying its conventions, the arrogance is always offensive.

(7). The Prophet Elisha called for a minstrel to produce just such a mental condition of insight as here is produced by the steady contemplation of deep-flowing water. Indeed, music seems to have been always the invariable provocative of the prophetic mood in the Old Testament. (Cf. 1 Kings 10, 5; 1 Par. 25, 3.) We think of David as first writing his psalms and then putting them to music whereas it was probably the music that gave birth to the psalms. It is not, however, music as such, but as rythmic, tranquillizing and yet exaltating; qualities which are not peculiar to it.

(8). He recognizes the precise point at which "spiritual direction" becomes useful, namely, when having diligently used the sense and understanding that God has given us, we are unable to decide what will not wait to be decided later. The whole scope of his Spiritual Exercises is to cultivate the power of self-direction, and of electing according to sound principles of faith and reason in ordinary emergencies, instead of substituting the voice of our confessor for the voice of our conscience, and thus destroying the faculty by disuse.

CHAPTER IV.

HIS ARRIVAL AT ROME, VENICE, JERUSALEM, AND THE HOLY PLACES.

They were but five days and nights out from Barcelona before they brought the ship to land at Gaeta, because there was a high wind astern, and indeed they were all in great terror on account of the violent storm. Now the fear of the plague was abroad over all that region; nevertheless, when he landed, he set his face steadfastly towards Rome. And some of his fellow-passengers who were also pilgrims went with him, a mother with her daughter, in a habit like a monk,[1] and a young man; for they too

[1] Spanish, *en habitos de muchacho*, which the Latin version, neglecting the word *muchacho* (youth), translates *monachi habitu*. It would seem that the plural *habitos* implies a form of dress corresponding to what we should call a *habit, i.e.*, a long gown, such as is worn by priests and monks. The object apparently was not so much to disguise the sex of the wearer as to indicate that she was travelling on a pilgrimage of devotion. See further, note 1 to chap. iv.

obtained their food by begging, and therefore they joined him. In one village they came upon many people standing round a great fire, who gave them food and plenty of wine, and pressed them so heartily to stay that it would naturally seem they had no other intention but to be kind to them. Afterwards they so divided them that the mother and daughter were placed in a small upper room, the pilgrim and the young man in a stable. In the middle of the night a great cry arose in the upper part of the house. When he got up to see what was the matter, he found the mother and daughter in the courtyard, both of them weeping and complaining that someone had tried to violate them, whereupon he grew furious and began shouting: "This is unbearable!" and other remonstrances of that kind, with such passionate anger that they all stood confounded, and none of them dared to do him any harm. The boy had already run away (2), but they three at once set out together, though it was still night.

The city was nigh at hand, but on their

arrival the gates were still shut. And so they passed the night in a chapel which had not a dry spot in it, and even in the morning they could not obtain permission to enter into the city. Outside they got no alms, although they had gone to a village which seemed not far off. Here the pilgrim stopped from very weakness and could go no further; the mother and daughter went on to Rome. A great multitude of men left the town together that day, and the pilgrim being informed that the Governor's lady was approaching in their midst, presented himself before her and explained that he was ill from mere weakness, and besought her that he might be allowed to enter the town to seek relief. She easily agreed to this. He began to beg, and collected a lot of *quatrini*, or farthings, wherewith, having recruited his strength, he resumed his journey two days after, and arrived at Rome on Palm Sunday.

They who talked with him there, and learnt that he had no money, began to reason with him, and dissuade him from going to Jerusalem, showing by various reasons that to set sail

penniless was not even possible. But he felt a sort of invincible assurance, which left no doubt in his mind but that he would find some means or device for getting thither. He departed from Rome for Venice on the octave of Easter Day, after receiving a blessing from Adrian VI. Meanwhile, he had accepted six or seven gold coins for paying his passage on board ship from Venice to Jerusalem, for the fear of not being otherwise able to proceed had somewhat shaken the firmness of his purpose. By the time that he was three days' journey from Rome, he recognized that this fear had sprung from distrust, and was grieved to the heart that he had taken the moneys, and now his one thought was whether he should get rid of it. He resolved to bestow them liberally on all whom he should meet—beggars for the most part—and by so doing only as many farthings remained to him when he reached Venice as he had need of for that night.

He had to sleep out of doors under sheds all the way to Venice, on account of the precautions taken on account of the plague. Once a man

meeting him just as he rose at dawn, fled in terror of his extremely pale and bloodless aspect. Journeying in this way, he reached Chusi with some companions who had joined him. There they were told they could not get leave to enter Venice. So then his companions went on to Padua to get a certificate declaring them to be neither plague-stricken nor infected. He also went with them, but they walked somewhat too quickly for him to keep up with them, and at nightfall he found himself forsaken by them all in a wide and bare field; and there Christ appeared to him, in that form we have already described wherein He was wont to come, and confirmed and strengthened him exceedingly. Thus comforted, he came the next morning to the gates of Padua, and passed in unquestioned by the guards without making any pretence of having a certificate as his companions are supposed to have done. And his going out was as easy. Whereat these companions of his, who had got their passport for Venice (which again he did not trouble about), greatly wondered.

When they came to Venice, the guards boarded the boat, and, passing him over without a word, they searched everybody else. He begged his bread of the inhabitants of Venice, and slept in the *Piazza San Marco;* he never would go to the Imperial Legate's house, nor apply himself with any special industry to collecting money for his passage to Jerusalem, and yet he felt most sure that God meant to show him a way to get there. He was so fixed in this belief that no arguments could put him in doubt. One day he met with a rich Spaniard, who inquired of him whither he was going; and when he learned his purposes he brought him home to dinner, and kept him there for some days until he was ready to depart.

Now ever since the pilgrim left Manresa it had been his habit not to speak when sitting with others at table, except to answer briefly; but he used to listen to the conversation, and make note of any remark which would give occasion for talking about God when the meal was ended. The good man of the house and all his household felt warmly towards him on

this account, and wished to keep him and urged him to remain with them, and this same man who thus offered him hospitality gave him an introduction to the Doge of Venice. When the Doge saw him he ordered him to be taken into the ship which was to carry the governors and prefects to Cyprus. Many pilgrims to Jerusalem had collected in Venice that year, but most of them were going back again on account of the recent fall of Rhodes, which had been occupied by the Turks. About thirteen were left for the pilgrims' boat that was to sail first; eight or nine were waiting for the governor's ship. When it was time for this boat to sail, the pilgrim lay stricken down with fever, from which he was relieved after some days' suffering. He had taken medicine on the very day when the ship was to sail, and when the people of the house inquired if he could go on board, the doctor answered that he could certainly go if they wanted to bury him in the ship. He nevertheless embarked and set off that day; and was so sea-sick that he began to feel easier, and altogether to recover his strength.

Now certain shameful deeds were committed on board which he rebuked with great severity. The Spaniards in the ship warned him against doing this because they were aware that there was some talk of putting him off and leaving him behind on an island.

But they had a quick passage to Cyprus with a fair wind, and going ashore, they went to a port called Salamis, ten leagues off, where he took ship in the pilgrims' boat with the same provision as before, namely, his hope in God. Our Lord appeared to him often during this time, and filled him with consolation and vigour. He seemed to see before him a round thing, as it were, of gold, and very large.

Then they came to Jaffa, and thence they went straight on to Jerusalem riding upon asses, as is the custom of the country. When they had come within two miles of it, a certain Spanish nobleman named Didaco Nugnès, addressed all the pilgrims with much devotion, and said that as they were just coming to a point whence the Holy City could be seen, it would be a good and holy thing for them to advance in silence, each

purifying his conscience. As all were agreed, they betook themselves to recollection, and just before they came in view of the city, as they saw some monks with a cross waiting for them, they dismounted from their asses. The pilgrim, beholding the city, was filled with consolation, and it was said that a certain more than mortal joy was shared by every one. He always experienced the same devotion in visiting the holy places. His firm intent was to stay at Jerusalem in order to visit them continually and in order to help souls, and to this end he had obtained letters of recommendation to the Guardian.[1] On delivering them, he told him of his purpose to abide there for his own devotion, but did not hint at his other motive of helping souls (3); this latter he revealed to none, though he often disclosed the former. The Guardian replied that he did not see how he could put him up, as the house was in such poverty and distress that he could not find food for his own, and he was minded even to send some of them back westward with the pilgrims

[1] *i.e.*, The Superior of a Franciscan Convent.

for that reason. The pilgrim said he only wanted him to hear his confession, as he had come for the purpose of making it. The Guardian said that might be done now, and that he would await the Provincial's arrival (I believe that the latter was the chief ruler of the Order for all that region), but at present he was at Bethlehem.

Having secured this concession, the pilgrim sat down to write to some devout persons at Barcelona. He had written one letter and was already writing another when on the day prior to the departure of the pilgrims he was summoned in the name of the Provincial (who had just returned) and of the Guardian. The Provincial spoke kindly to him, and explained that he had heard of his good purpose of staying in those holy places, and had thoroughly considered the probable consequences of his so doing; many who had the same desire had been put to death, others were made captive; the obligation of redeeming the captives being laid afterwards on his Religious; wherefore he must make ready to depart the

next day with the pilgrims. The pilgrim answered to this that his purpose was set; that he admitted no thought of relinquishing it on any account, but would follow it out even to the end; and he implied with modesty, that however the Provincial might think otherwise, yet unless he chose to bind him under pain of sin, he would follow out his heart's desire unmoved by any sort of fear. The Provincial said he had authority from the Holy See to send away those whom he thought fit to send, and to retain whom he pleased to retain; moreover, that he could excommunicate whosoever disobeyed when commanded to depart, and therefore he judged it expedient for him to go away.

When they wanted to show him the papers from the Pope containing the authority to excommunicate, he said it was not necessary, for he believed what they told him, and since they so judged and had such authority, he would submit himself. After this, on returning to where he had been, an overpowering longing possessed him to ascend the Mount of Olives

once again before his departure, since it was not the will of God that he should tarry in the holy places. The stone from which our Lord went up into Heaven is on that mountain, wherein His foot-prints may be yet discerned, and this it was he so desired to see. Now the ascent is perilous to any one unaccompanied by a Turkish guide; notwithstanding, he withdrew himself and repaired alone to the Mount of Olives, warning no one and taking no guide; and when the keepers denied him entrance, he took a penknife from his writing-case and gave it them. He made his prayer and was comforted, and afterwards conceived the desire of going to Bethphage. When he was there he thought he had not sufficiently noted on Mount Olivet the precise place of the right foot and the left. I think he gave the scissors he used to carry to the keepers when he came back again, that he might be allowed to re-enter.

The monks inquired after him diligently as soon as it became known in the monastery that he had gone without an escort. As he was

coming down from the Mount of Olives he met a Christian from the monastery (4), one of those who serve there, and are styled from the girdle they wear.[1] He came towards the pilgrim with a face convulsed by rage, shaking his stick, making as if to strike him, and coming up to him with threats, he seized his arm firmly. The pilgrim allowed himself to be led off without a sign of resistance, but for all that the good man relaxed his grasp no whit. But while he was thus held fast and dragged along, our Lord consoled him by the way, for he saw a vision of Christ walking above him the whole time, and this lasted with great vividness all the way back to the monastery.

Notes on Chapter IV.

(1). The following passage from the English traveller, Richard Moryson, who visited Italy in 1594, throws some light upon the custom of lady pilgrims wearing a monastic dress.

"By the way, I did meete a Dutch lady, with her gentlewomen, and men-servants all in the

[1] Cordeliers.

habit of Franciscan friers, and not only going on foote, but also bare-footed through these stonie waies; and because they were all (as well men as women) in friers' weeds, though I looked on them with some suspicion, yet I knewe not their sexe or qualitie, till upon inquirie at Florence I understood that the Dutchesse of Fiorenza (or Florence) hearing that some women were passed by in friers' apparell, and thinking they were nunnes stolne out of their cloisters, did cause them to bee brought backe unto her, and so understood that upon pennance imposed on them by their confessour for the satisfaction of their sinnes, they were enjoyned to go in that friers' habit barefooted to Rome; whereupon she dismissed them with honour."[1] The same writer, still speaking of Italy, also remarks: "I have seene honourable women, as well married as virgins, ride by the highway in Princes' traines, apparelled like men in a doublet close to the body, . . . and likewise riding astride like men upon horses or mules, but their heads were attired like women."[2]

(2). How Father Genelli can have so misread this incident as to put the blame on this poor boy, I do not understand. It is plain from the text that the seeming hospitality of these

[1] Moryson's *Itinerary*, part i. p. 143.
[2] *Ib.* part iii. p. 173.

villagers, and the studious separation of the women from the protection of their friend, were deliberately directed to an evil end. The boy ran away because he was frightened, not because he was guilty. The Saint's anger also was directed, not against the boy who was absent, but against those present, "who all stood confounded and did not dare to do him any harm."

(3). Not perhaps so much lest he should be suspected of a wish to poach on Franciscan preserves, as for fear of such inquisitorial investigations as he was subjected to later. There were so many busy disseminators of heresy going about, that every unauthorized teacher fell under suspicion and had to go through tedious processes of self-vindication, whose success often depended on other conditions than the justice of the cause.

(4). Without approving the needless warmth of the cordelier's indignation, we can admit the substantial justice of its motive, and at the same time see in this another evidence of how actions indiscreet or wrong in themselves may by reason of their motive be good and even divinely commended. As happens in so many quarrels, both were right.

CHAPTER V.

HE COMES TO APULIA, VENICE, FERRARA, AND GENOA; HE IS TAKEN PRISONER FOR A SPY, AND HELD IN SCORN AS MAD; HIS STUDIES AT BARCELONA AND ALCALA.

He departed thence the next day, and after arriving at Cyprus the pilgrims were dispersed among several ships. There were three or four vessels in that port bound for Venice; one was Turkish, another a somewhat small vessel, the third, a very magnificent and powerful ship, the property of a wealthy Venetian. Some of the other travellers begged the captain of this ship to take the pilgrim as a passenger, but when he learnt that he had no money he would not, in spite of many who entreated him, all loud in the pilgrim's praises. The captain answered: "Let him get across as Blessed James did, if he be so holy a man," or something similar. But the captain of the smaller

ship granted what they wished without question. They sailed early one morning with a favouring wind, but in the evening a storm arose and they were scattered abroad; and the great ship aforesaid foundered on the rocks hard by the island of Cyprus and perished; and the Turkish boat with all on board likewise perished; but the little ship, albeit long tossed by the storm, at last touched on some part of the coast of Apulia. It was winter, and exceeding cold, with snow falling, and the pilgrim was clothed only with breeches of coarse cloth down to his knees, and with shoes, his legs being quite bare; he had an open doublet of rough cloth, torn to rags at the shoulders, and a threadbare coat.

He reached Venice towards the middle of January, 1524. He had spent November and December and the first part of this month on the sea-voyage from Cyprus. He happened to meet at Venice with one of his former hosts, whose guest he had been before his journey to Jerusalem, who now gave him fifteen or sixteen pieces of gold, and some cloth, which he folded

and placed on his stomach as a defence against the intense cold. After he had learnt that it was not God's will he should stay at Jerusalem, the pilgrim's thoughts kept recurring to the question of what he ought to do. In the end it seemed best, and grew more clear to him, that he should spend some time in study as a means of helping him to work for souls; and therefore he decided to go to Barcelona. He set out from Venice for Genoa again; and when he was tarrying at Ferrara, to pray in the great church there, a beggar asked him for alms, to whom he gave a marchetto, a coin[1] worth five or six farthings. Again there came another, and to him he gave a coin of somewhat greater value. A third followed, and as he had no more small money he gave him one of his gold pieces.[2] Seeing him so free in his almsgiving, the beggars made no more ado but gathered round him, and this method of expenditure soon relieved him of his last coin. Finally, as a whole crowd of them together flocked to him for the same purpose, he

[1] *Marchetum.* [2] *Julius.*

asked them to pardon him, for he had nothing left.

After this he directed his steps from Ferrara to Genoa, and on the road met with some Spanish soldiers, who treated him kindly, but were much surprised at the route he had chosen, for he would have to pass through both the French and the Imperial camps. They begged him to leave the highway and follow a safer one, which they pointed out to him. He went straight on, without heeding their advice, and came to a walled town where the gate-keepers laid hands on him for a spy, and threw him into a small house hard by the gates; and as is usual in such suspicious cases, they began to ask him all sorts of questions; but he answered each time that he knew nothing about the matter. Then they stripped him of his clothes and his shoes and searched him all over, on the chance of discovering concealed papers; but as they were none the wiser after this proceeding, they led him away to the military governor; and for all his prayers they would not let him have his

coat, but only his doublet and breeches to cover him.

As he proceeded in this fashion, there came to him the thought of Christ led about as a prisoner, though he saw no vision as at other times. He was haled through three streets, and those the principal ones in the town, and all without feeling any reluctance, but contrariwise, only joy and consolation. The pilgrim's custom had hitherto been to address people simply as "You,"[1] omitting all titles such as "Your Lordship," "Your Reverence," devoutly holding this simplicity to have been the usage of Christ and of His Apostles. The thought came into his mind as he was being dragged along, that for once he would not follow this practice, but would address the captain by his titles; and this thought was not unaccompanied by fear of the tortures which they could inflict. Directly he recognized this to be a temptation, he said: "Since so it is, I will not call him Your Lordship, nor make him any reverence, nor will I pull off the cap from my head" (1).

[1] *Vos.*

When they reached the governor's palace, he was left in the entrance-hall, and after a little while the governor came to speak to him. The pilgrim, showing no kind of deference, answered in few words, separated by long pauses. Noticing this the governor thought him beside himself and said to those who had brought him: "This fellow is mad; give him his belongings and send him away" (2). Outside the palace he met with a countryman of his, a Spaniard, who took him to his own house and gave him a supper and supplied all his needs for that night. At daybreak he went on his way again until the evening, and in the evening he was seen from a tower by two soldiers, who took him and brought him before the captain of the French army. This man asked him among other questions whence he was. The pilgrim answered that he was of the province of Guipuscoa. "I, too, come from near there," said the captain, and straightway commanded the bystanders to lead him away and bring him some supper and treat him well. Other things of less moment happened during

this journey. He met a Cantabrian named Portundo, at Genoa, who had once been acquainted with him in the household of the Most Catholic King. Through his influence he was taken on board a ship bound for Barcelona, wherein he barely escaped being captured by Andrea Doria (at that time an ally of the French), who gave chase to their ship.

At Barcelona he consulted Isabella Roser, a lady of high rank and great piety, about his undertaking; and also Ardebalo, master of a grammar-school. They both highly approved of it, the latter promised to teach him without payment, and the former to provide him with the necessaries of life. Now there was at Manresa a monk of devout life, one of St. Bernard's sons, as I believe, with whom the pilgrim wished to stay for his own spiritual profit and the greater help of souls. He therefore accepted these offers on condition of not getting what he wanted at Manresa. When he arrived there he found the monk was dead, and therefore he returned to Barcelona and

applied himself to letters. The attainment of his aims was greatly hindered by the flood of new lights on spiritual matters and new consolations which invaded him whenever he tried to commit to memory the grammatical rules necessary for beginners, and this so abundantly that he could retain nothing, nor could he drive them away, however much he resisted them.

Therefore, more than once, he thought thus within himself: "I do not experience this energy of the understanding when I quiet myself for prayer or assist at Mass," and by this he knew it was a form of temptation. After praying awhile he begged his teacher for a few words in the Church of Blessed Mary of the Sea, which was not far from the said teacher's house; and there seated, he told him faithfully what was happening in his mind and how it came about that he was making so little progress. "But," said he, "I promise you firmly that I will not desert your class, but will attend your lessons for the next two years if by any means I can obtain enough bread and water in Barcelona to keep me" (3). This determination had such

effect that he never again felt the same temptation. The internal pains which had attacked him at Manresa, and which were the cause of his wearing shoes, had now left him, and from his departure for Jerusalem up to this time had troubled him no more; and so while he was studying at Barcelona he wished to betake himself to his former penitential exercises. He made holes in the soles of his shoes, breaking them away a little more every day until nothing but the upper leathers were left.

After studying letters for two years, during which time they said he had made great progress, his master thought he might profitably begin his philosophical course (commonly called arts), and urged him to go to Alcalà for this purpose. But he himself wanted first to get the opinion of a certain doctor of theology as to his proficiency. Receiving the same advice from him, he started for Alcalà alone, although I think he already had some companions at that time. He lived there at first by begging alms. After ten or twelve days of this kind of life, a certain priest with some others saw him asking

alms, and began to mock him and abuse him for a sturdy beggar. The governor of the new hospital heard of this (4), and when he saw him he had pity on him, and called him and took him to the hospital, where he provided him with a cell and whatever else he stood in need of.

He arrived in Barcelona in the Lent of the year 1524 and stayed there two years. In 1526, therefore, he came to Alcalà and was there a year and a half studying the "terms" and "summulæ" (5) of Soto, the physics of Albertus, and the Master of the Sentences. Besides this he employed himself in giving the Spiritual Exercises and instructions on Christian doctrine. The glory of God was increased by all this, inasmuch as many were led to a great knowledge and affection towards spiritual things. Others indeed were tempted with divers temptations; he, for example, who when he would scourge himself could not do it, as though his hands were being held fast by some one (6). There were rumours among the people because of these things, and because of the frequent gathering of crowds who came together

wherever he was teaching the Christian doctrine. When he first came to Alcalà he formed an acquaintance with Didacus Guya,[1] who dwelt in the printing-house belonging to his brother, and was in easy circumstances, insomuch that he gave alms for the support of the poor and kept three of the pilgrim's companions in his house. To him one day the pilgrim came asking alms wherewith he might provide for some people in want. Didacus declared that he had no coin, but he opened a case and took out of it some bed-hangings of various colours, some candlesticks, and other things of the kind, which the pilgrim wrapped up in a cloth, and placing them on his shoulders, went off to use them for the relief of the poor.

[1] On Diego de Eguia, and his brother Miguel the printer, see the Bibliographical Appendix, p. 209. Various books are still in existence printed by Miguel de Eguia, amongst the rest a copy of A Kempis' *De Imitatione Christi*. It appeared under the following title in the very year of St. Ignatius' stay in Alcalà, "*De Contemptu Mundi Libellus valde Utilis*. Impressum est præsens opusculum Compluti per Michælem de Eguia idibus Octobris, anno a salute cristiana 1525." St. Ignatius was so fond of the *Imitation*, that it seems hardly rash to conjecture that this edition may have been produced at his instigation.

I have said that these doings made such a noise in all Alcalà, some saying one thing and some another, that the talk reached the ears of even the Inquisitors at Toledo, and when these latter came to Alcalà, their host warned the pilgrim that he and his companions were spoken of by them as *Sagati*,[1] and, I believe, as *Illuminati*, and that they were about to put them to the rack (7). An inquiry into their life was set on foot forthwith, the Inquisitors having come to the town for this sole cause, but they returned to Toledo without even summoning them to appear, leaving the whole affair to the Vicar Figueroa, who is now with the Emperor. By him they were called some days after and told that inquiry had been made into their manner of life, and their whole cause had been set down in writing by the Inquisitors, but they had found no fault either in their doctrine or in their way of life, wherefore they might continue to

[1] *i.e.* (according to the Bollandist annotator), the bewitched or the possessed (*incantati seu fascinati*); but this is doubtful, the Spanish word, it seems, is *ensayalados*, apparently formed from *sayal*, rough sackcloth, which would seem to have reference to their peculiar dress.

live as they had lived aforetime without hindrance. But as they were not Religious, he, for his part, could not see why they all dressed alike. It would be better, and, in fact, he ordered that the pilgrim and Arteaga should wear black, Calisto and Cáceres brown, and that the boy John the Frenchman could remain as he was.[1]

The pilgrim replied that they would obey orders. "But, meanwhile," said he, "I do not know what good end all these inquiries have served; since a few days ago a priest refused the Host to one person because he had communicated eight days before, and to me he gave It reluctantly and with difficulty. We would fain know whether you have detected any heresy in us." "No," said Figueroa, "if we had detected any you would have been burnt." "So would you," said the pilgrim, "were you convicted of heresy." They dyed their garments as they had been commanded.

[1] From the Latin text we might have concluded that Gallus was the boy's surname, but from the depositions before the Inquisitors it appears that his proper name was John Reinalde, though he was commonly known as Juanito the Frenchman.

Fifteen or twenty days after, Figueroa forbade the pilgrim to go barefoot. He readily put on shoes and obeyed every order of that kind. About three months after Figueroa again instituted an inquiry about them, and this time, besides the usual counts against them, occasion was given, I believe, by a certain married woman of high position who was excessively devoted to the pilgrim, and used to come to the hospital early in the morning veiled (as was usual at Alcalà), and on entering would take off her veil and go to the pilgrim. But neither on this occasion was anything found against him, nor after the matter had been discussed was the pilgrim summoned to appear, nor was anything said to him.

Notes on Chapter V.

(1). No one could condemn such conduct more heartily than the later Ignatius. Yet this extreme puritanism, springing from an indiscriminate repudiation of the hollowness and insincerity of social forms in periods of decadence, is a very common feature of the earlier

stages of such "conversions." A sense of revolt against what is called the "world" and "worldliness" is apt to turn the neophyte into a radical or a Goth for the time being, until calm judgment has had time to mitigate the violence of impulse. When one reads of the retorts of some of the early martyrs to their judges, one can hardly be surprised that the pagan temper rose to the occasion.

(2). In his Rule he tells his followers they should rather be pleased than otherwise to be thought fools, always provided they give no just cause for the opinion. No doubt in this *proviso* he had in his mind such excesses as the above.

(3). That is, as these intrusive distractions hindered his studies and made them distasteful, he was tempted to abandon the class. But now he puts this out of his power by a solemn engagement to persevere.

(4). From the data supplied by the depositions in certain Inquisition records, of which copies have been preserved, Father Fita calculates that St. Ignatius must have come to Alcalà at the very beginning of Lent, *i.e.*, about February 20th, 1526. The "new hospital" was that known as the Antezana,[1] and the

[1] It had been founded by D. Luis de Antezana in 1483. The "old hospital," Santa Maria la Rica, dated from the beginning of the fourteenth century.

"governor" (*El Prioste*) for that year was named Juan Vazquez. Whether this last was really St. Ignatius' benefactor, or whether it was Lope Deza, who may have had the direction of the hospital as the subordinate of Vazquez, does not seem quite certain. The history of St. Ignatius' stay in Alcalà has been very minutely discussed in the light of the Inquisition depositions above referred to by Father Fita in the *Boletin de la Real Academia de la Historia*, Nov. and Dec., 1898.

(5). "Terms," *i.e.*, the logical treatise, *De terminis*, greatly elaborated in the schools. The "Summulæ" were summaries of the rules that constitute what was called the Art of Logic, or Formal Logic, or First Logic. Master Peter Lombard, the Master *par excellence*, wrote a summary of theology in aphoristic form called the *Sentences*, which was a favourite text for theological comment. It is not surprising that the Spiritual Exercises are dominated by scholastic expression and modes of thought, which perhaps save them from the incoherence usual to mystical theology. That in substance they are mystical is as evident as that their author was a mystic in the completest sense—a fact which these pages abundantly testify.

(6). The context implies there was something preternatural in this temptation. Apart from the context it seems most natural.

(7). The number of half-converted Moors, the insincerity of the Christianized Jews, the avidity with which the dangerous novelties of Erasmus and Luther were discussed and propagated, constituted a real menace to religion in Spain, and it is not altogether surprising that the ecclesiastical authorities should have shown themselves at times somewhat over-zealous in scenting out heresies. An admirable account of the unrest of religious opinion in the Peninsula at this period is given in Menendez Pelayo's *Historia de los Heterodoxos Españoles*, vol. ii. In pp. 521—586, the author treats of the sect of *alumbrados*, who anticipated in some measure the "quietism" of a later epoch. St. Ignatius was not the only famous mystic of that century who fell under suspicion of this form of heterodoxy. Blessed John of Avila, his contemporary, and later on St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross, were all denounced to the Inquisition for the same supposed offence. In particular, the celebrated ascetical writer, Luis de Grenada, had much to suffer on this account.

CHAPTER VI.

HIS PRISONS AT ALCALA AND AT SALAMANCA.

After four months more had passed and he was living in a small dwelling-house outside the hospital, an officer stood at the door one day, and called into the house: "Come with me," and took him and threw him into prison, and gave orders that he was not to go out thence till further notice. As it was summer,[1] and his incarceration was of the milder sort, many came to him there, so that he was able to teach the Christian religion and give the Exercises as well as if he were free. He would never accept the services of a patron or procurator, although not a few offered themselves. He called to mind one lady in especial, Teresa di Cardeni, who sent someone to see him, and many times offered

[1] Father Fita shows that the Spanish phrase here used would be more correctly translated *spring* than summer. The date was April 21st. See the *Boletin*, December, 1898.

to obtain his freedom. But he would have none of these offers, and said: "I look to Him to set me free, if it please Him, for Whose sake I came hither." He lay seventeen days in prison without being told why he had been thrown there, and without being examined. At last Figueroa came to the prison, and asked him many questions, and amongst others, whether he insisted on Sabbath-keeping (1)—as it were rallying him. Also, he asked if he did not know two women, a mother and daughter. He said he knew them. Figueroa struck in: "Did you know anything about their departure before they set out?" The pilgrim answered: "By that holy oath which binds me; no." Then the Vicar clapped him on the shoulder, as though he were glad of it, and said: "Well, then, this is the reason why you were thrown in here." There were a mother and daughter, both widows, among the pilgrim's followers, and the daughter was young and beautiful. They made great progress in the spiritual life, but especially the daughter, and although they were sprung of a noble house, they had gone alone and on foot

to see the Veronica in the town of Jaen (2), but whether the two alone, and whether they had begged their way there, I do not know. This had given rise to much talk in Alcalà. Their guardian, Doctor Cirvello, charged the pilgrim with having persuaded them to this course, and had him shut up in prison for it. When the prisoner heard what the Vicar had to tell him, he said: "Will you allow me to speak more at length touching this matter?" "Say on," said the other. Then the prisoner said: "These women were often with me, insisting that they wished to travel through the whole world, ministering to the poor in hospital, sometimes in one, sometimes in another. But I always dissuaded them from it, because I saw the daughter's youth and beauty. I pointed out that if they wanted they could fulfil their desire by visiting the poor at Alcalà and by accompanying the Most Holy Sacrament." After this exchange of views, Figueroa went off together with the notary, having written down all that had passed.

The pilgrim's comrade Calisto was then at Segovia, and hearing that he was under

constraint, he came to him immediately, not considering that he was still weak from a severe illness, and shut himself up in the prison with his friend. The pilgrim advised Calisto that the most serviceable thing he could do was to go to the Vicar. The Vicar received him kindly, but anticipated him by saying that he would have to put him in prison, since he must be kept in restraint until the women returned, and it could be decided whether their account agreed with the pilgrim's. Calisto lay in prison some days, but his fellow-prisoner perceiving that his health, already weak, was suffering, took care to have him released, through the interest of a doctor who was a close friend of his. Forty-two days passed from the day in which the pilgrim was thrown into prison until the day in which he was taken out.[1] And when they were ended and the women had come back, a notary came to him in prison and read him the sentence which

[1] Father Fita is able to prove that St. Ignatius was set free on June 1st, 1527, having lain in prison since April 21st.

let him go free, and they were commanded to wear such clothes as the other scholars used to wear, and forbidden to instruct in the Faith until four more years had passed, by which time they would have studied more, whereas now they were not sufficiently skilled in letters (3). The pilgrim was indeed better instructed than his companions, but was by no means well grounded, as he himself was always careful to state whenever any inquiry was made of him.

The pilgrim stood somewhat in doubt as to what he should do, when he heard this sentence, for he saw the way barred to helping souls, and no reason given except that he had not studied letters long enough. At last he settled to go to Fonseca, the Archbishop of Toledo, and to submit the whole affair to his judgment and arbitration. He set out from Alcalà and found the Archbishop at Valladolid. He told him everything faithfully, and said that though he was not in his jurisdiction, nor subject to his sentence, still he would abide by his decision. The prelate heard him kindly, and when he

understood that he wished to go to Salamanca, said that he himself had some friends there and a college, and offered to do him many good offices, and commanded four gold crowns to be given him on his departure.

A certain pious woman noticed him while he was praying in the church after his arrival in Salamanca, and asked his name and brought him where some of his companions were dwelling, for they had been living there some time. The pilgrim had replied, on their being sentenced at Alcalà to dress like scholars: "When you ordered us to dye our garments, we did it; we cannot do what you command now, for we have nothing whence to buy clothes." Thereupon the Vicar bought them the necessary garments, with scholars' caps, and thus arrayed they left Alcalà. At Salamanca the pilgrim made his confession to a Dominican monk in St. Stephen's College; and ten or twelve days after his arrival the confessor said to him: "The monks in this monastery are desirous to speak with you." "Well," said he, "in God's name, then." The confessor returned: "You

had better come to dinner here on Sunday; but I warn you, you will be asked a great many questions." He came therefore on Sunday with Calisto, and when they had dined, the Vice-Prior, the confessor, and another monk (I think) took him to a sort of chapel, and there telling him with much friendliness that they had heard good report of his way of life, and how he went about like the Apostles, said he would be doing them a favour if he would describe these matters minutely and in detail; and first they asked in what direction his studies had lain. The pilgrim told them that he it was among his companions who had most learning, and speaking openly without reserve, also said how very little he had learnt and how ill-grounded he was.

"Why, then, do you preach?" said the monk. "We do not preach," said the pilgrim, "but we talk familiarly to people about divine things, just as we talk after dinner with those who have invited us." "What divine things?" said he; "that is precisely what we want to know." "We speak in praise of one virtue or

another, or we censure this or that vice," said the pilgrim. The monk returned: "You are illiterate persons, and yet you speak of virtues and vices. But no one can speak of these things without being instructed in doctrine except he be taught of the Holy Ghost. You do not speak from learning, therefore it follows that you speak from the Holy Ghost. And it is just this point about the Holy Ghost that we wish to understand." Here the pilgrim paused, as he did not much relish that sort of argument, and after a short silence, said there was no need to talk any more about these things. The monk persisted: "What! Now when Erasmus and others are bringing forth so many errors which they foist upon the world, you refuse openly to declare your teaching?"

The pilgrim answered, "Father, I am not going to say more than I have already said, unless I am placed in the presence of my Superiors who have power to oblige me to speak." Before this talk the monk had asked why Calisto went about dressed as he was; he wore a short cloak of coarse wool, a great

hood on his head, he carried a staff in his hand and wore leggings up to his calves, and as he was very tall, he looked all the queerer. The pilgrim explained how they had been imprisoned at Alcalà, and had been ordered to dress like scholars, and how, as it was summer-time, his companion had given his garment away to a very poor priest. The monk muttered to himself, and showed by other signs that this did not please him; and "Charity begins at home," said he. But to return to our narrative, the monk perceiving that he would get nothing more out of the pilgrim, said: "Well then wait here; we can easily find means of making you tell everything." On this the monks withdrew somewhat hastily, he meanwhile asking whether they wanted him to wait in the chapel or elsewhere. "In the chapel," said the Vice-Prior; then shutting the monastery gates they went, as it appears, to take counsel with the judges upon the matter. Meanwhile, both the pilgrim and his companion remained in the monastery waiting for some message from the judges, and taking their meals

in the refectory with the monks; and their cell was almost always full of monks who came to visit them; to these the pilgrim talked as he had always talked, whence there arose a difference of opinion among the monks, for many showed themselves well-disposed to them (4).

After three days the notary came and took them away to prison. They were not thrown into the lower prison with the criminals, but placed in a little cell higher up, very dirty with age and long disuse. The prisoners were bound with the same chain, the foot of one to the foot of the other. The chain was ten or twelve hand-breadths long, fastened to a stake set up in the middle of the cell. If one of them withdrew for any purpose, the other was forced of necessity to accompany him. They lay awake all that night, but the next day when the citizens heard they were prisoners, they sent something for them to sleep on, and provided abundantly for their other wants. The pilgrim spoke to his numerous visitors of holy things as he was wont. The baccalaureat

Frias examined them both, and the pilgrim delivered up all his papers, and the Exercises among them, that he might judge of them whether all therein was right and good. Then he asked whether he had other companions and where they were, and when he was told, he sent for Cáceres and Arteaga to cast them into prison, but left John, who was afterwards a monk, to go free. These other two were not shut up with their companions, but put below with the common crowd of criminals. Neither here would the pilgrim avail himself of patron or procurator.

After some days he was brought into the presence of four judges, three doctors, and the baccalaureat Frias, who had all examined the Exercises. They asked many questions, not only about the Exercises, but also about theology, how he understood the articles of faith about the Trinity, or the Most Holy Sacrament. First of all he made a protestation; afterwards being ordered by the judges, he so spoke on these matters that they could not answer him back a word. The baccalaureat

Frias who had shown himself keener than the rest in the matter, questioned him on a point connected with pontifical or canon law. He was forced to make an answer to all the questions, but he always began by saying that he did not know what the doctors said on the subject. Then he was told to give his usual explanation of the first commandment of the Decalogue; whereon, after making a beginning, he had so many things to say, and was so long in saying them, that he made them loth to ask him anything else. When they were speaking of the Exercises before this, they insisted much on the matter treated of in the beginning, namely, how to know for certain when a sin of thought is mortal and when venial; since he being untaught had ventured on a definition in the matter. "But," said he, "look yourselves whether it be true or false; and if false condemn it." Yet in the end, finding nothing worthy of condemnation, they went their way.

Among those who came to talk with him in prison was Francisco de Mendozà (now Cardinal of Burgos), who accompanied Frias, and when

he asked him in a friendly way how he did, and whether he was suffering from his imprisonment: "I will reply to you," he said, "as I replied to-day to a noble lady whose words showed how unwillingly she beheld me chained in prison: Herein, said I, you show that you do not desire to be in bonds for love of Jesus Christ, since a prison is such a terrible thing to you. But I give you my word that there are not so many fetters, handcuffs, and chains in Salamanca, but I should wish to wear still more for the love of God." It happened about that time that all the prisoners escaped; and only these two and their friends were found in the prison next morning, the doors being wide open. And when this was noised abroad all the city was stirred with admiration of these men, insomuch that they were given the whole of the adjoining palace for a prison.

Twenty-two days after being taken they were called to hear sentence pronounced on them. It was this: no fault was found in their life and teaching; so they were permitted to continue teaching Christian doctrine, and talk-

ing with others on sacred subjects as they had always done, but strictly on this condition; they were not to define any sin as being mortal or venial until they had studied letters for four more years. After reading this sentence, the judges showed themselves very agreeable, as though they wished their decision to be acknowledged as just. The pilgrim's answer was that he would do exactly those things mentioned in his sentence; but he was now unable to acknowledge its fairness, since, although he had spoken no evil, they had closed his mouth, and by this procedure they had prevented him from giving as much help as he might to his neighbour. Doctor Frias might enlarge to his heart's content on the kindly affection he bore him, yet not for that would the pilgrim be drawn on to say more than that he would obey orders as long as he remained in the diocese of Salamanca. They were let out of the prison immediately, where all these things had taken place. The pilgrim commended the whole business into the hands of God, and then began thinking what he should do next; for it seemed

difficult to him to stay on at Salamanca, since he considered that the order forbidding him to define whether any particular sin was mortal or venial hindered him from helping his neighbour.

He decided then to go to Paris to study. When the pilgrim had deliberated at Barcelona whether and for how long he should devote himself to study, his whole thought was whether afterwards he should join some Order, or wander in his present fashion over the world. Whenever the thought of taking upon himself the yoke of Religion came to him, he was at once drawn to enter some more lax Order where the Rule was neglected; for thus he hoped to suffer more; and thought he might be able to help others who lived under that Rule, God giving him confidence that he could easily endure whatever injuries or contumelies they might dare to inflict upon him (5).

The same desire of helping souls, and of directing his studies to that end, never left him during his sojourn at Salamanca; nor

of gathering round him some others of like mind; and of keeping and looking after his present companions.

Before he departed for Paris he agreed with his companions that they were to wait where they were until he came again; for he was going away to see if he could find any means by which they might be able to give themselves to study. Not a few, and they the chiefest among them, set their faces against his going, but their will could in no wise prevail. On the contrary, he went alone on the fifteenth or twentieth day after being let out of prison, carrying a few books with him, on a young ass. After he arrived at Barcelona, many people tried to dissuade him from proceeding to France, because of the great and fearful wars they were waging there. Some gave instances of many cruelties, even talking of the impaling of Spaniards by Frenchmen. But no sort of fear of these things could gain possession of his soul.

Notes on Chapter VI.

(1). The question of "Sabbath-keeping" was not a mere metaphorical use of words, as it often is in English, and had no reference to Sunday observance. Interrogatories as to superstitious practices on the Sabbath (*i.e.*, the Saturday) abound in all Inquisition records, and such matters were held to constitute a strong presumption of Judaizing tendencies in the accused. The Saint himself tells us nothing of the answer he made to Figueroa's question, but in Father Polanco's *Chronicon*, which for the most part follows closely the narrative as taken down by Gonzalez, we find a curious interpolation in this place. "On Saturdays," he represents the Saint as replying, "I recommend a particular devotion towards the Blessed Virgin. I know of no other kind of Sabbath observances, nor are there any Jews to be found in the part of the country that I come from." Polanco must presumably have had this from St. Ignatius himself. He is not likely to have invented it.

(2). This was the city of Jaën (in Latin, Giennii) in Andalusia. It was the seat of a bishopric, a suffragan see to the archbishopric of Toledo. The relic, popularly known as *el santo rostro*, purported to be the handkerchief,

or at least a fold of the handkerchief, with which St. Veronica is believed to have wiped the face of our Saviour, and upon which His sacred features remained miraculously imprinted. The great pilgrimage to this relic took place on Good Friday, which in 1527 fell on the 19th of April. Father Fita calculates that as Jaën is about 180 miles distant from Alcalà, the two ladies will probably have started on or before the Monday of Holy Week, April 15th. St. Ignatius seems to have been arrested on Easter Sunday, April 21st, a week or more after their departure. The pilgrims did not immediately return to Alcalà, but went on to visit the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. This accounts for the length of the Saint's imprisonment. They returned about the middle of May, and St. Ignatius was not discharged until June 1st. This date, which is attested by the Inquisition records, is confirmed by a tragical incident which seems to have remained deeply imprinted in the Saint's memory. He mentions in chapter vii. of the Autobiography, "that the Infant of Spain was born while he was in prison at Alcalà." This was Prince Philip, afterwards Philip II., and the event took place at Valladolid, on May 21st, 1527. The news took some little time to reach Alcalà, and the public rejoicings in honour of the occasion were not held until June 1st, the

day of the Saint's release. On the morning of that day a charitable person made an attempt to collect a small sum of money to provide the Saint and his companions with clothes. He appealed for an alms amongst others to a gentleman of rank named Lopez de Mendoza. The latter, who for some reason disliked Ignatius, declared he was a rogue, and prayed that he might be consumed by fire himself if Ignatius did not deserve to be burnt at the stake for a heretic. That same evening Lopez, in preparing fireworks for the illuminations, accidentally ignited a large quantity of powder and perished miserably by the death which he had invoked. All these events hang together in strict conformity with the Saint's narrative. He states not only here, but in a letter addressed to John III. of Portugal,[1] that he was imprisoned at Alcalà for forty-two days, and that is just the interval which is left us between the starting of the ladies on the Good Friday pilgrimage to Jaën and the release of Ignatius, as fixed by the Inquisition records and the birth of the Infant Philip.

(3). Prudence of this kind pushed too far would forbid the mother to teach religion to her child, or the schoolmistress to give lessons in catechism, and would confine all such instruction to the care of the trained theologian.

[1] *Cartas*, No. 41, vol. i. p. 187.

There are certain plain limits within which any well-taught Christian ought to be able to expatiate freely and with profit to his neighbour. St. Francis did not think much doctrine needed for such preaching as his friars had to do. It is usually the broad, simple platitudes of religion that need to be brought home to the mass of men. Now and then theology becomes epidemic for a time, and the masses are excited about predestination and like subtleties; and in such seasons no unskilled preacher should be let loose to dogmatize in the matter. Ignatius wanted only liberty to teach the commonplaces of faith; but the Inquisitors naturally failed to distinguish him from the vagrant heresy-mongers who swarmed at that period.

(4). This incident has its parallels in the life of Christ, and of Socrates, and of all those who at any time have attempted to pour new wine into old bottles; to bring back the originating living spirit into the dying letter. On the right balance of the conservative and progressive forces all social life, and, therefore, the life of the Church depends; let either unduly predominate, and petrifaction or disintegration results. Here we have theological science and native inspiration face to face, each somewhat mistrustful of the other. The beginning of the interview is smiling enough;

but clouds soon gather. Can an unfinished theologian dare to preach or even to talk in a familiar, after-dinner fashion of divine things; that is, of divinity, the very subject-matter of theology? Can he praise virtue or censure vice, if he cannot so much as define them; if he has not been through the *Prima Secundæ* and *Secunda Secundæ*, and *De actibus humanis*, and *De virtutibus et vitiis?* Certainly not, unless he be inspired! Whence the irrefragable disjunctive; either you are a theologian, or you claim to be inspired; but you admit you are not a theologian, *ergo*. The untheological fly thus fairly webbed is reduced to silence. Then the clothes of his comrade offer a new point of attack—for clothes have always been significant of doctrine. But, though in this case they prove innocent of dogmatic import, yet their story betrays a doubtful principle at work; and the monk thinks of the treatise *De ordine caritatis*, and of the *Fraticelli*, and of others who deny the doctrine, not often disputed in practice, that "Charity begins at home." Finally, we have the usual sequel of cunning outwitted by simplicity and having recourse to violent methods. Even the judicial decision is a re-echo of Pilate's logic: "I find no cause in Him. I will therefore scourge Him." For if lay folk did not know broadly which sins were mortal, and which venial, what had the theolo-

gians been doing? If they did know, why in the name of reason, could they not communicate their knowledge one to another?

(5). Here is evidence of a further advance in the process of spiritual refinement. His first zeal for hard feats and great sufferings, pointed him to more obvious exterior mortifications, and made him think of Carthusian austerities and the rigours of strict observance. Reflection has taught him that for a man of high ideals, it is a relaxed Order that offers forms of suffering more spiritual and far more acute than any saint has ever had to endure from the unsympathetic world; and so much the more, as the Order is more corrupted from its original principles. Plainly, it was not with a view of shirking the difficulties of a holy life in the world, but rather of encountering them in a concentrated and malignant form, that he contemplated so strange a step; this was not to wait for an assault, but to go into the very thick of the fight.

CHAPTER VII.

HIS STUDIES AT PARIS AND OTHER THINGS THAT THERE BEFELL.

Thus he went to Paris alone and on foot, and arrived somewhere about February, in the year 1528 as he calculated. The Infant of Spain was born while he was in prison at Alcalà, and by this means the chief dates of his life before and after may be determined. He lodged with some fellow-countrymen at Paris, and attended lectures on the Humanities at the College of Montaign. He went back to these studies because he had gone on to the higher branches too hastily, and proved ignorant of much of the ground-work. So then he learnt among the boys on the Paris system. During the early part of his sojourn in Paris, a merchant paid him down twenty-five gold crowns to a bill of exchange received from Barcelona.[1] He gave

[1] We learn from Polanco that this money was principally supplied by Isabella Roser.

these into the safe-keeping of one of his fellow-lodgers, who borrowed them for his own expenses soon after, and had not wherewith to pay. Hence, by the end of Lent the pilgrim was destitute, partly on this account, and partly because he had spent whatever had been saved. Therefore, he was compelled to beg his bread, and even to leave the house which sheltered him.

After this he was admitted into the hostel of St. James, beyond the Innocents' Church. His studies were not a little hindered by this arrangement, for the hostel was far from the college, and besides he was forced to come in at evening before the *Angelus*, or re-admittance would have been refused, and he was not allowed to go out before dawn. It was not then a convenient arrangement for attending his lectures and applying himself to them; and being obliged to support himself by begging was another hindrance. He had not been troubled by pain in his stomach for nearly five years, so that he had begun his penances and severe fasts again. After some time of this

life of lodging in the hostel and begging his bread, he became aware that he was not making much progress in his studies, so he considered what he had best do; and as he noticed that the college servitors found enough time for their studies, he resolved to ask permission to enter the same service.

He reflected on the matter, and put it to himself in this way: "I will imagine the Master to be Christ, and I will name the scholastics, one Peter, another John, and in like manner I will call the others by the names of the other Apostles. So then if the Master order me anything, I will imagine him to be Christ commanding me; or if another bid me do a thing, I will think it is Blessed Peter bids me." He tried hard to find an employer, but though he spoke about it to the baccalaureat de Castro, and to a Carthusian monk who knew many of the University masters, and to divers others, yet he never could succeed.

At length, being reduced to complete destitution, a monk from Spain advised him to go to Flanders every year, where he could get

enough in two months to keep him the whole year round. He followed this counsel after commending the matter to God, and thenceforth he went to Flanders yearly to get a living. He crossed over to England once, and there received more alms than in all the former years.

When he first came back from Flanders, he began to give himself more sedulously to intimacies and spiritual colloquies with others; and about this time he gave the Exercises to three people, Peralta, the baccalaureat de Castro of the Sorbonne, and a Cantabrian called Amador who dwelt in the St. Barbara's College. These three changed their life entirely, and forthwith bestowed all their possessions, even their books, upon the poor, while they begged their bread and took up their abode in the hostel of Blessed James, where the pilgrim used to live, and which he had left for the reasons related. A great noise was made about this in the University of Paris, because two of these men were extremely well known, and so the other Spaniards at once began to

attack them; and as no argument could induce them to return to the University, a whole crowd went armed to the hostel and brought or rather dragged them out.

When they had been brought to the University, they agreed between themselves that they should first finish their course of studies, and then carry out their purpose. The baccalaureat de Castro afterwards went to Spain, and preached for a time at Burgos; afterwards he entered the Carthusian Order at Valencia. Peralta went on pilgrimage to Jerusalem on foot; he was caught in this guise in Italy by a kinsman of his, a military captain, who found cause to carry him before the Pope, and obtained an order for his return to Spain. But these things did not come to pass immediately, only after an interval of some years. Absurd stories were told about the pilgrim at Paris, chiefly among the Spaniards, and by our Master de Govea, who declared that in his college he had driven the student Amador out of his senses; and therefore he determined and declared that the first time he showed his face

in the College of Blessed Barbara he should get a public flogging (or "Hall" as they call it at Paris), as being a seducer of the scholastics (1).

The pilgrim's Spanish fellow-lodger, who had spent all his money and had never repaid him, was now preparing for a voyage to Spain; and he fell sick at Rouen while waiting there for a ship. When the pilgrim learnt this, he was constrained to visit and succour him, hoping also that by this knitting together of their souls the other would be inclined to forsake the world and yield himself entirely to God's service. In order to do this he desired to traverse with bare feet the leagues between Paris and Rouen, fasting from every kind of food or drink. Fearfulness seized hold on him when he betook himself to prayer about this, until on going to the Church of St. Dominic, he made up his mind to travel in that fashion. Now he was relieved of the dread that he was tempting God by what he was about to do; but on getting up the next morning fresh terror seized his soul, insomuch that he seemed hardly able to put on his garments. In this

strife of soul he left the house, and went forth out of the town before the rising of the sun, enduring this fear until he was about three leagues from Paris. Just there, there is a certain town called Argenteuil, where the coat of our Blessed Lord is said to be. After he had departed from that place in great spiritual trouble, and had reached some higher ground this fear began to fall away from him, and great comfort and spiritual energy filled his soul, with such joyfulness that he began to shout and to talk with God on his way through the fields. That night he slept in the hospital with a certain beggar, having walked fourteen leagues during the day.

On the morrow he spent the night in a straw hut. He reached Rouen the third day, on foot, as has been said, and without having taken food or drink, according to his resolution. He brought comfort and help to the sick man, and had him taken on board a ship bound for Spain, and gave him letters to his companions, who were at Salamanca, Calisto, Cáceres, and Arteago.

We will speak here once for all of these his companions and how it befell with them. While the pilgrim was at Paris, he often wrote them letters, as they had agreed, wherein he hinted how little hope he had of getting them to Paris for their studies. He wrote nevertheless to Doña Leonora of Mascarenhas, asking her to help Calisto by a letter to the King of Portugal, recommending him to one of those bursaries of which the King had founded several at Paris. (Now a bursary is a subsidy paid yearly.) Doña Leonora gave Calisto a mule and some money wherewith to betake himself to the Court of the Portuguese monarch. Thither he went, but never came on to Paris, returning to Spain instead, and thence went to India with a certain holy woman. He came back to Spain, and again went to India, returning thence to Spain once more as a rich man; and these things were the wonder of all in Salamanca who had known him formerly. Cáceres revisited his native place, Segovia, in such a way as to make it apparent that he had forgotten his former life

and aspirations. Arteaga was first made a *commendatore;* afterwards when the Society was in Rome, a bishopric in India was offered him. He wrote twice to the pilgrim, asking him to give the bishopric to some member of the Society. When he was told that this was impossible, he went to India, was made bishop, and died there under strange circumstances. It happened when he was ill that two vessels had been set in water to cool; one contained the doctor's prescription, the other some water infected with the poison known as Soliman, and the attendant giving him the poisonous draught by mistake, he drank it and died.

On his return to Paris the pilgrim was met with various rumours about himself on account of the baccalaureat de Castro and Peralta, and learnt that he had been summoned by the Inquisitor.[1] He did not choose to wait in uncertainty, but going to the Inquisitor, Master

[1] Not that there was an Inquisition established in France, but that delegated Inquisitors were sent them from time to time.

Ori,[1] of the Order of St. Dominic, he said: "I have heard you are making inquiry for me, therefore I am here ready to do whatsoever you will." Meanwhile he begged the monk to despatch the affair quickly, for he had settled to begin his arts-course on the coming feast of St. Remigius, and in order to go on more conveniently with his studies, he desired that whatever was to be done about him should be finished by that day. The Inquisitor told him all that had been reported of him, but for the rest, let him go free, and did not call him up for judgment.

He began the course under Master John

[1] In *Letters and Papers, Henry VIII.* (Edit. J. Gairdner), 1538, Part II. n. 1,085, we find mention of a citation issued in the name of Matthew Ory, S.T.D. of the Friars Preachers, "Inquisitor General in France," by his Vicar Garvais, "against Francis Regnault, bookseller at Paris, and all who are engaged with him in printing the Scriptures in English." Ory himself was at this period in Rome, where his evidence, together with that of Figueroa, also providentially present there at the same time, helped to bring about the final vindication of Ignatius and his companions from the calumnious charges spoken of in the next chapter. See *Cartas de S. Ignacio*, vol. i. pp. 68—70.

Peña, on the feast of St. Remigius (which is the first day of October), having made up his mind to cherish and preserve those souls which he had already found animated with a desire of serving God, but not to seek the alliance of any others, so that he might better attend to his studies. The same temptation assailed him during his philosophical course which troubled him before at Barcelona when he was studying grammar; a multitude of spiritual considerations rose in his mind while the master was lecturing, so that he could not listen attentively. Seeing thus that he advanced little in his studies, he went to the Professor and promised to hear the whole course if he could beg enough bread and water to live on. All those unruly thoughts of devotion ceased when this promise had been made, and he pursued his studies in quiet. At that time he became intimate with Master Peter Faber and Master Francis Xavier, whom he won over to the service of God by means of the Spiritual Exercises. The former persecutions ceased while he was engaged upon his course of study; wherefore, as Doctor Fragus

was wondering one day at his being left undisturbed in peace, the pilgrim answered: "It is because I do not speak to anybody on religious subjects. But we shall resume our former relations as soon as I have finished my course."

While they were yet speaking a monk came begging Doctor Fragus to help him to find a house, for where he dwelt many were lying dead, and he feared it was from the plague which was then attacking Paris. Both Doctor Fragus and the pilgrim desired to visit the house, taking with them a woman who was skilled in discerning the symptoms of that disease. When she entered the house she declared it to be plague. The pilgrim, too, would go in, and having consoled and encouraged one whom he found there lying sick, and having touched his wound with his hand, he departed alone. The hand soon began to pain him, and he himself thought he had taken the plague; and so great a horror took hold on him that he could by no means overcome it or shake it off, until he forced himself and

thrust his fingers into his mouth, turning them about for some time, and saying: "If you have plague in your hand, then get it in your mouth also;" upon which the imagination left him and the pain in his hand ceased.

But he was not permitted to enter the College of St. Barbara, and all who met him fled as soon as it became known that he had entered a house infected with the plague. He was therefore forced to tarry out of his college some days. It is customary at Paris for the students of philosophy who are to receive the baccalaureatship to take what they call "the *Petra*," in the third year; but those who are exceedingly poor cannot do it, because it costs a gold crown. The pilgrim left his master to decide whether he should take it or not, for he was in much doubt about it. He followed his master's advice and accepted it, but not without murmurings on the part of some, chiefly of a Spaniard who observed it. While he was at Paris he had attacks of severe pain in the stomach, and every twenty-fifth (*al.* fifteenth) day was for an hour in extreme suffering,

which brought on fever. One day the pain lasted altogether for sixteen or seventeen hours. Now by this time his course was finished, and he had spent some years in theological study, and had gathered a few companions round him. So as the sickness increased upon him daily, and no remedies alleviated it, though many were tried, the physician declared that the only remedy remaining for him was to return to his own country; his native air might possibly help him, but nothing else could. His companions were instant in their entreaties that he should do this. Meantime they had settled and fixed what they were to do with themselves, namely, that they should go first to Venice, thence to Jerusalem, in order to spend their whole life in helping souls. If they were forbidden to remain at Jerusalem, they were to return to Rome and offer themselves to the Sovereign Pontiff, Christ's Vicar, to be employed by him on those works which he deemed to be for God's glory and for the good of souls. This, among other things, was agreed upon, that they should wait

for one year at Venice for a ship bound for Jerusalem, and that if none went that year they would be loosed from their vow of going to Jerusalem, and would then betake themselves to the Pope. Finally, the pilgrim ceded to his friends' advice, in order that he might be able to despatch such affairs for his Spanish associates as had to be despatched in Spain. They agreed among themselves that he was to employ himself in thus arranging their concerns as soon as he regained his health; then he was to go to Venice and wait for them there.

He left Paris in the year 1535; his companions were to depart on the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, 1537, according to a compact made among themselves; but owing to the war, they had to anticipate that date and leave Paris in November, 1536. When he was ready and girt for the journey, the pilgrim heard that he had been informed against to the Inquisitor, and seeing that no summons came to him, he went to the Inquisitor of his own accord and related what he had heard, adding that he had associates; that he was just

starting for Spain; and beseeching him to give sentence speedily. The Inquisitor acknowledged that an accusation had been brought against him, but that he could not see anything of much consequence in it, he only wished to examine his writings (by which he meant the Exercises). And when he had seen them, he highly approved of them, and asked the pilgrim to give him a copy, which he did. The pilgrim ceased not to demand that his cause might be brought to an end and judgment given. But as the Inquisitor refused, he himself fetched a notary and witnesses into the house and secured written testimony to all these facts (3).

Notes on Chapter VII.

(1). This, again, is an oft-repeated tale: "Socrates is a doer of evil and a corrupter of the youth; he does not believe in the gods of the State and has other new divinities of his own." Doubtless the youth in both cases were not remarkably discrete disciples, and did their well-intentioned best to bring their

teacher's doctrine into odium with those who see in any attempt at improvement a reflection on their own virtue and wisdom. Nor will there ever be wanting in such cases a Calisto or a Cáceres, or other *enfant terrible*, to afford a triumphant refutation of the pretenders' claims, by a *post hoc ergo propter hoc* argument.

(2). St. Ignatius took every means in his power to clear his reputation on all occasions from the taint of heresy. Father Nadal, who afterwards became so devotedly attached to him, met him first at Alcalà and then again at Paris, where Ignatius sought in vain to gain him as a disciple. Nadal tells us in certain autobiographical notes of his, that he was very shy of any sort of intimacy with the Saint, fearing that some of his fellow-countrymen in Paris would write home and represent him as entangled with the teachers of strange and dangerous doctrines. The words in which Nadal describes his own feelings for the "Ignigistæ" (the followers of Iñigo) at this time are these: "This was the thought in my mind; I will not join the society of these men, for who knows if they will not some day fall into the hands of the Inquisitors." On the other side, St. Ignatius seems to have taken great pains to remove Nadal's unjust suspicions. "He related to me," writes that Father, "the story of his

persecution at Salamanca, and how he had been examined, &c., the idea in his mind being, as I fancy, that he felt I was perhaps distrustful of him in that matter; but this was by no means the case."[1] So we find St. Ignatius somewhat later carefully explaining, in his letter to John III. of Portugal, the abortive issue of all the prosecutions directed against him.[2] None the less, this unjust suspicion of heterodoxy clung to the Saint for years, and it is revived in the very first sentence of the *Censura*, passed by Fray Thomas de Pedroche, O.P., on the book of the Spiritual Exercises, and addressed by him in 1553, to the Archbishop of Toledo. "It must be carefully borne in mind," writes the Friar, "that this Ignatius or Iñigo de Loyola, according to common report, was denounced (*notado*) in the Inquisition for a heretic. Being one of the *dejados* (passivists) and *alumbrados* (illuminated), he fled to Rome to escape the Inquisition and the Inquisitors."[3]

(3). Perhaps one happy result may be ascribed to this systematized mischief-making, delation, inquisition, and persecution, namely,

[1] *Epistolæ Patris Nadal*, vol. i. pp. 2, 3.

[2] *Cartas de San Ignacio*, vol. i. Letter lii.

[3] *Chronicon Societatis Jesu* (Polanco), vol. iii. Appendix I. p. 504.

that all but the morally strongest and fittest to survive were suppressed by it, and that it ensured a certain temperance of statement and cautiousness of movement, without which many good causes might have ruined themselves in the insolence of too easy a victory.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PILGRIM COMES TO HIS OWN COUNTRY; THE VIRTUES HE DISPLAYS THERE; HE JOURNEYS TO FURTHER SPAIN, AND FROM THENCE TO ITALY; THE FAMOUS VISION; AND OTHER THINGS THAT HAPPEN THERE.

After this he set forth on his journey to his own country, mounted on a pony which his companions had bought for him, and already on the way began to feel much better. He left the beaten track at his native province of Guipuscoa and went by a mountain path less frequented. Having gone some way he saw two armed men approaching him at a place which had a bad repute for assassinations. They rode past him a little way and then, turning, followed him at a brisk pace. Upon this he was somewhat afraid; but for all that he addressed them and learnt that they were his brother's servants sent out to meet him. For

his brother had been forewarned at Bayonne (a town in France), of his coming, as may well be believed; for there, too, the pilgrim was known by some persons. So they two went on. But he, pursuing his journey, came upon some priests just before he entered the town, who eagerly urged him to go with them to his brother's house; but their words could not prevail. He went to the public hostel, and thence into the town, at a convenient opportunity, to beg for alms.

Many people visited him in the hostel, and by God's grace, he gathered no scanty store of fruit from talking on sacred subjects to them. On his first arrival he resolved to instruct some children in Christian doctrine daily, but his brother withstood him, asserting that no one would come. "One is enough for me," he said. But when he began to teach, many came together regularly, and among them came his brother. Moreover, on Sundays and feast-days he held assemblies with great advantage to the people who collected from several miles round. He made the abolition of certain abuses his

business, and by the grace of God, measures were taken in some cases. For instance, the magistrate forbade gaming through his exhortations, and had the law enforced. He also corrected a great scandal which had arisen in the country. The custom in all that region was that young maidens should go about bareheaded and unveiled; but there were women living with priests and others as faithfully as if they were true wives, and these women went veiled. The thing was so public and shameless that the women were not abashed to own and say plainly that they "veiled" for this man or that; and as such they were commonly recognized and acknowledged.

Many evils had arisen from this bad custom. The pilgrim therefore persuaded the mayor to make a law that every woman should be publicly punished who should "veil" for any but her lawful husband. This procedure soon began to put an end to all such abuses. He took thought for the poor also, and at length set on foot some public and regular provision for them. He caused the *Angelus* to be rung three times a

day, namely, at dawn, at noon, and in the evening, as is done at Rome. Although he was so well at first, he ended by falling into a most grievous sickness, and when he was better he resolved to depart and to go about his companions' business, which he had undertaken. He meant to go on foot and penniless, but his brother took this exceedingly ill, because of the disgrace it would bring on him. At length he yielded to his brother to the extent of allowing himself to ride that evening as far as the frontier of the province, accompanied by his brother and relatives.

He dismounted at the frontier, and without taking any provision for the journey went to Pampeluna, thence to Almazan, the birthplace of Father Lainez, thence to Siguenza and Toledo, and from Toledo to Valencia. All these were the native towns of his companions; and though their parents and kinsmen were instant in urging many presents upon him, he would not accept any of them. At Valencia he spoke with the baccalaureat de Castro, who had become a Carthusian. His well-wishers

attempted to dissuade him from entering a ship at Valencia bound for Genoa, declaring that Barbarossa was on the sea with many galleys. But they were unable to raise the slightest hesitation in his mind, though they said much to frighten him.

He went on board a great ship, therefore, and in it met with that terrible tempest we referred to when we said that he was thrice in peril of death. And he suffered many things on the journey, the chiefest of which I will record in this place. One day, having lost his way, he followed a path alongside a river. This foot-way was high up, but the torrent, at a much lower level, was running far beneath; and the further he went the narrower the way became, until at last he was unable either to go on or to return. In this strait he fell to going on hands and knees, and went a long way in this fashion, in great fear, because it seemed as if the slightest movement would precipitate him into the river. This was the severest bodily suffering he ever endured. At last he got safely out of it, when, lo, he fell

from a foot-bridge just as he was entering Bologna, and was so wet with water and begrimed with mud, that he was made a spectacle and laughing-stock to the onlookers, of whom there were not a few.

He went about the whole town of Bologna, from one gate to another, seeking alms, without being given a farthing. For a while he lay sick in Bologna. Thence he went to Venice, always travelling in the same way. There he devoted himself to giving the Exercises and to other spiritual intercourse. The chief of those to whom he gave the Exercises were Peter Contarini,[1] Gasparo *a Doctis*,[2] Rozez of Spain, and another Spaniard, Hozez, who was a fervent friend of the pilgrim's and of Bishop Cettino's, but who did not mean to go through the Exercises, though he felt attracted by them. At last he resolved to perform them, and after three or four days he opened his mind to the

[1] This was the nephew of the famous Cardinal Gaspar Contarini, who became a devoted friend to the Society.

[2] Gasparo de Dotis later on became Governor of Loreto, and was instrumental in founding a College of the Society there in 1554. See page 214, post.

pilgrim; telling him that he had been afraid lest he might have been tainted by some false doctrine in the Exercises; that he had been persuaded by somebody to be on his guard; and that he had therefore brought some books with him wherein to seek help, should such false doctrine be forced on him (1). He drew great profit from the Exercises, and finally followed that rule of life which was instituted by the pilgrim. And he it was who was the first of them all to die.

A persecution was stirred up against the pilgrim in Venice, and many people declared that he had been burnt in effigy in Paris and in Spain. The thing went so far that he was brought into a court of justice; but the pilgrim gained his cause, and judgment was given in his favour. Nine companions joined him in the beginning of the year 1537, and were lodged in various hostels about the town, and set to work at nursing the sick. They all started for Rome after two or three months, to obtain the Pope's blessing before departing for Jerusalem. The pilgrim did not

go up to Rome, on account of Doctor Ortiz[1] and the newly created Theatine Cardinal.[2] His companions returned from Rome with bills of exchange for two or three hundred gold crowns, which had been given them as an alms for the expenses of their journey to Jerusalem.[3] They refused to receive it except in written bonds, and returned the papers when the voyage to Jerusalem was prevented. They returned to Venice in like manner as they had gone to Rome, namely, on foot and begging, divided into three parties, each containing men of differing nationality. Those who were not priests were ordained to the priesthood at Venice, by leave of the Nuncio there at that

[1] Dr. Ortiz is described in a letter of Cardinal Pole of about this date as having been formerly the agent of Queen Catharine of Aragon at the Roman Court, and now the proctor of the Emperor Charles V. (*Letters and Papers*, Henry VIII. vol. xii. Pt. I. 1,052.) In Paris he seems to have opposed St. Ignatius, but in Rome he unexpectedly proved a valuable friend to the Society.

[2] John Caraffa, afterwards Paul IV.

[3] Simon Rodriguez declares that part of this money came from Pope Paul III., and that when it was returned, he would not receive it back. (*Origine et Progressu*, p. 49; *Cartas de San Ignacio*, vol. i. p. 54.)

time, the same who was afterwards known as Cardinal Verallo. They were ordained on title of poverty and took the vows of poverty and chastity.

No ships sailed for the East that year on account of the breach of treaty between the Venetians and the Turks. When they saw there was no present hope of a passage, they scattered to various places of the Venetian territory, being minded to wait one year; and, as they had already agreed, to return to Rome when the year was over, unless an opportunity of sailing were found. Vicenza chanced to fall to the pilgrim's lot; his companions were Faber and Lainez. They lit upon a house without the city, wherein was neither door nor window, and dwelt therein, sleeping on some scanty bundles of straw, which they gleaned for themselves. Two of the three went to beg in the city twice a day, at morning and evening, but gained hardly enough to keep life in them. Their usual food, when they had it, was a little bread, which was baked by him who happened to remain in the house. They

spent forty days in this way, giving themselves up to prayer and to nothing else.

Master John Codure arrived after the forty days were over, and they four resolved to begin preaching. They all began to preach at the same day and hour in the different squares of the town, first making a great outcry and waving their caps to call the people round them. Their preaching provoked much talk in the city and stirred up devotion in many of the citizens; and at this time great plenty of food was bestowed on them.

He was shown many spiritual visions at Vicenza, and, as it were, ordinary consolations were sent him in great abundance; but the chiefest of all was at Venice, when he was preparing for the priesthood and for his first Mass. The pilgrim received great supernatural visitations in all his journeyings, like those he was wont to have at Manresa.

While yet at Venice he heard that one of his companions lay in mortal sickness at Bassano: and though himself in a fever, he set forth to visit him, going on so quickly that Faber, his

companion, could not keep pace with him. During the journey God certified him that his comrade's sickness was not unto death, and this he revealed to Faber. When they came to Bassano, he greatly comforted and encouraged the sick man, who recovered shortly afterwards. They all returned to Vicenza after this, and there the ten tarried for some time, some going into all the neighbouring towns round about and seeking alms.

They resolved to journey to Rome when the year was over, as they had been utterly unable to sail for Jerusalem; and the pilgrim was to go with them. For those two,[1] of whom he was distrustful, had shown themselves well-disposed towards the companions on their first arrival there. They went to Rome in three or four parties. Faber and Lainez accompanied the pilgrim, and in this journey he underwent strange visitations from God. He had resolved to put off saying his first Mass for one year after his ordination to the priesthood,[2] that he

[1] Ortiz and Caraffa.

[2] St. Ignatius was ordained on June 24th, 1537, the feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist. He said his

might get himself ready in the meantime and might entreat the Blessed Virgin to place him along with her Son.[1] One day it befell that as he prayed in a certain church a few miles before entering Rome, and he was aware of such a stirring and a change in his soul and so openly did he see God the Father[2] placing him with Christ His Son, that he could not dare to doubt but that God the Father had so placed[3] him with Christ His Son. I, the writer, told the pilgrim when he was relating this, that some other particulars of the matter had been recorded by Lainez, and he replied: "Whatever Lainez may have said about it is undoubtedly true; but I do not remember the several details so well. But," he added, "when I told him about it I am sure I said no more than the truth." Thus much he said about this vision of his. And the like with regard to other matters when he referred to the credibility of

first Mass, as we learn from a letter of his own, on Christmas Day, 1538, in the Chapel of the Præsæpe at Sta. Maria Maggiore. (*Cartas*, vol. i. p. 74.)

[1] *Ut eum cum Filio suo poneret.*

[2] *Cum Christo Filio suo poneret.* [3] *Poneret.*

what he had told Lainez. But in spite of so signal a visitation he told his companion, when they reached Rome, that he saw the windows there shut against them, signifying how many things would be adverse to them. He also said: "We must of necessity proceed with caution; and we must not make the acquaintance of women, unless they be of very high rank." It bears on this remark that Master Francis used to hear a certain woman's confession, and sometimes visited her to instruct her in spiritual matters: and she was found afterwards with child. But it pleased God that the real author of the scandal was discovered. The same thing happened to John Codure, whose spiritual daughter was taken with a certain man.

At one time the pilgrim went to Monte Cassino from Rome, to give the Exercises to Doctor Ortiz, and stayed there forty days. Then it was that one day he saw in vision the baccalaureat Hozez entering into Heaven; whereat he wept abundantly, and great comfort refreshed his soul. This he saw so distinctly

that he would have held it a lie to say otherwise. He took Francisco de Strada with him from Monte Cassino. After returning to Rome, while they were living at the Vineyard,[1] he set himself to the work of helping souls, and gave the Exercises to divers persons, of whom one lived at the Ponte Sesto, the other by Santa Maria Maggiore. Then a persecution began against them. Michael was the first to disturb them, and spoke evil of the pilgrim, who summoned him before the magistrate's court, first showing the magistrate a letter of Michael's written in high commendation of the pilgrim.[2] The magistrate examined Michael,

[1] *In vinea.* This first residence of the Jesuits in Rome was a secluded little cottage in a vineyard close beside the Trinità dei Monti. It was lent them by Signor Quirino Garzoni de Jesi, who proved himself a most staunch friend during the persecution here described. See Tacchi Venturi, *Le Case Abitate in Roma*, p. 9; Rodriguez, *De Origine*, &c., p. 63.

[2] This Michael, whose surname is not known, but who is sometimes described as the Navarrese, had attached himself closely to St. Francis Xavier at Paris. In his jealousy of the ascendancy acquired over Francis by St. Ignatius, he seems to have tried to assassinate the latter. Afterwards he repented, and wished to enter the Society at Venice, but was refused. It would seem that

and the upshot of all was that he was sentenced to exile (2). Manderra and Barrera followed, declaring that the pilgrim and his companions had been driven out of Spain, Paris, and Venice. Finally they each confessed before the Governor and the Legate[1] (for there was a Legate at Rome in those days[2]) that they had no fault to find with either their doctrine or life.[3] The Legate commanded the suit to be

the very etter produced by St. Ignatius has been preserved. It is printed in the *Monumenta Historica S.J. Epistolæ Mixtæ*, i. p. 11.

[1] The meaning is that the Pope, being absent from Rome, his functions were discharged by a Cardinal with the title of Legatus.

[2] Pope Paul III. went to Nice in April, 1538, to try to arrange terms of peace between the Emperor Charles V. and Francis I. He returned to Rome on July 24th. The Legate who supplied his place in Rome during his absence would seem to have been Gianvincenzo Caraffa, best known as the Cardinal of Naples, though Novaes states that it was Cardinal Sanseverino. The Governor of Rome at this period was Benedict Conversino, Bishop Elect of Bertinoro. The sentence finally pronounced by him in favour of St. Ignatius is printed in the *Cartas*, vol. i. p. 421.

[3] These two Spaniards, according to Rodriguez' account, were both found guilty of heresy. One of them escaped, and was burnt in effigy. The other was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, but repenting in his captivity, and falling sick, was visited by St. Ignatius, who assisted him on his death-bed. (*De Origine*, &c., p. 71.)

quashed, but the pilgrim objected, saying that he desired sentence to be pronounced, that the whole cause might be made clear. Neither the Legate nor the magistrate nor the pilgrim's former supporters were pleased by this. The Pope returned to Rome some months after; the pilgrim went to him while he was at Tusculum, setting forth such arguments as might bring about the granting of his petition. So then the Pope commanded sentence to be passed, and it was given in favour of the pilgrim and his companions. At Rome, through the efforts of the pilgrim and his companions, certain good works were set on foot—catechisms, St. Martha's, the orphanages.

And now Master Natalis can tell you the rest.

Notes on Chapter VIII.

(1). Notwithstanding their exculpation at the hands of inquisitors and ecclesiastical courts, the Exercises were persistently feared and suspected by those who perceived and disliked their bracing influence. Nor was the instinct at fault which felt but could not define in them a spirit

contrary to and better than its own. We all like to cover our personal opinions and prejudices under the mantle of orthodoxy, and to find that orthodoxy can subsist quite well apart from them, is somewhat irritating, and a thing to be disproved, if possible. We can imagine how Hozez was secretly warned against the insidious poison and loaded with antidotes by some zealous upholder of things as they are, against things as they ought to be. To these underhand attacks and stabs in the dark, we owe the celebrated protest in the "Præ supponendum" of the Exercises which epitomizes the whole ethics of controversy: "It is to be assumed that any respectable Christian will be more anxious to accept his neighbour's statement than to reject it; and that if he cannot do so, he will ask him in what sense he understands it; and if that sense be wrong he will charitably point out the mistake; and if that will not do, he will try his very best to get him to hold it in a right sense, so that the statement may stand;" that is, instead of eagerly searching for any little ambiguity, and putting the worst possible construction upon it, and without saying a word, to carry it at once to the highest authority for condemnation.

(2). This sturdy vindication of his honour when defamation would have been to the hurt and scandal of souls, marks a great advance

from the indiscriminate self-abjection of his first ardour. Perhaps in some way love is more pleasing than wisdom, and we easily pardon those extravagances through which it is revealed to us. That very restraint and discretion which mark its maturity, far from weakening, may strengthen and preserve it; but they also hide it to a great extent from human observation. The Saint of Assisi will ever draw more hearts to himself than the Saint of Loyola; and Ignatius, in the childish extravagances of his first conversion, more than the stern "serva regulam" Ignatius of Gonzalez' Preface. Yet there is a tenderness that flashes through that grey reserve here and there; and tells of stored-up energies of love waiting to burst forth on occasion; of a love that overcame the awe which his bearing inspired, and drew strong men to worship him while they feared him, and even because they feared him.

FATHER GONZALES' POSTSCRIPT.

CONCERNING THE EXERCISES AND CONSTITUTIONS.

After this, I asked the pilgrim about the Exercises and Constitutions, that I might understand how he had written them. He replied that the Exercises had not been composed all at once, but that when he noticed anything profitable to himself he noted it down in any way which seemed likely to be of use to others, such as the method of examination of conscience by drawing lines and the like. In particular he declared that the method of election arose from that changeable state of mind he perceived in himself when he lay sick at Loyola of his broken leg. He told me he would answer my question about the Constitutions in the evening. He sent for me the same day before we had supped. At this time his countenance was as of a man abstracted from outward things beyond the common. He

made a protestation which came nearly to this, that it showed with what simplicity and good intention he told these things, declaring that he knew for certain that he had exaggerated in nothing, and that, though he had often offended our Lord, yet he had never consented to mortal sin since he began to serve Him; yea, rather, his devotion and ease in finding God had continually increased up to this present, when it was greater than in all his life before; and now he could find God whensoever and as often as he would, and many visions were vouchsafed to him, the greater number like unto those before mentioned, wherein he saw Christ like the sun; and this came upon him often, tending to confirm him when he was speaking of matters of great moment.

Visions fell often to his lot when he celebrated the Sacrifice of the Mass, and again with exceeding frequency when he was fashioning the Constitutions. And this he could the more easily affirm for that he had written down daily what things were done in his soul, and he was even then looking out what he had written.

Even as he spoke he showed me a moderately large bundle of papers collected out of his writings, and read me a good number of them. The greater part were visions confirming some of the Constitutions. In these he saw sometimes God the Father, sometimes the Trinity of Persons, sometimes the Most Blessed Mary, now interceding, now approving. He spoke of two points in particular, in the determining whereof he had spent forty days, saying Mass daily, and with daily abundance of tears. The question was whether our church should have revenues, and whether the Society could make use of them.

The method he observed in drawing up the Constitutions was to say Mass day by day, showing and offering to God each point whereof he treated, and praying about it. He offered his Mass and made his prayer always with tears. I wanted to read all those papers of the Constitutions, and besought him to let me have a short loan of them, but he would not.

L.D.S.

EPILOGUE.

In every process of genuine evolution, it is the end that throws light upon and explains the beginning and the middle; and only after the governing idea of a man's life has found clear and definite expression are we in a position to interpret his earlier efforts at self-utterance, to mark the true path of his progress, to discern between his failures and advances, his deviations and fidelities.

What we may call the spirit, or dominant idea of St. Ignatius is formulated in the motto of his Order: *Ad majorem Dei gloriam*—"To the greater glory of God."

At first sight this principle seems in no wise distinctive, being little more than what St. Paul enjoins on all Christians where he bids them in eating and drinking, and in all the concerns of life, to seek only the glory of God. But like all wide generalities it admits of an infinite

variety of particular applications; and like all commonplaces and truisms it gets blunted in the use, and needs continually to be re-emphasized and brought to fresh consciousness.

It was not indeed in affirming that the greater glory of God must be the end and governing principle of Christian life, individual and social, that Ignatius was in any way exceptional, but rather in practically insisting on the well-worn truism that the end, whatever it be, should determine the selection of the means; that it should not, as so commonly happens, be forgotten in the means, nor the means blindly exalted into an end. For of the two principles that govern human conduct—reason and habit—the latter ever tends to strangle the former, so that what is at first done for a reason, comes in course of time to be done out of habit, irrespective of, or even contrary to the original reason. Thus what was instituted for the greater glory of God may be blindly maintained counter to God's greater glory, by sheer force of custom.

There was nothing startling or profound in

the intellectual acknowledgment of so trite a maxim; nor need we speculate as to whether Ignatius learnt it directly from Aristotle, or indirectly through the scholastics; since it is a truth which from the beginning has forced itself on every man who has tried to live a sane and rational, as opposed to a merely instinctive and mechanical life. But with him it was a living apprehension to an extraordinary degree; one which his strong will had seized upon, with which his whole personality was identified. It was the moral principle that controlled and gave unity to his life and work; by which he ruled himself and endeavoured to rule others; and to whose neglect he attributed whatever he found amiss in his own soul, or in the Church of God. Everywhere he traced evils to this same source—to forgetfulness of the end in the means. The whole idea and plan of his *Spiritual Exercises* is determined by this one principle. There, the soul that would rectify itself is brought in interior solitude, face to face with the "end" or ruling principle of life—God's greater glory in its own sanctification;

and there, by the said "exercises," it is purged from its inordinate affections; that is, from its undue and idolatrous worship of the "means;" and finally it makes its election, or its resolution, determined solely by the supreme law of the "end," without the intrusion of any sort of bias towards any "means" in particular.

This book of the "Exercises" is but the fruit and summary of his own spiritual experiences; and in the foregoing record of his soul we have seen this great first principle of practical wisdom gradually asserting itself and getting an ever firmer grip of his will and affections. We have seen how his merely mechanical imitation of the exterior practices of earlier saints gave place to an intelligent and elastic application of their inward spirit; how his first extravagant and one-sided interpretations of Divine graces and impulses were, one after another, corrected or laid aside in obedience to the supreme criterion of the "end;" how the issue of the whole process of his spiritual schooling was an absolute indifference to every consideration but that of God's

greater glory as realized in the perfection of the human soul; and how, when his own spiritual maturity was reached and he began to put forth fruit in due season, when his zeal for God was extended from the interior to the exterior kingdom, it was guided and controlled by the same criterion of "the means for the end."

Standing on the threshold of the modern world, at one of those crises when the Christian idea seemed to have outgrown its earlier clothing beyond all hope of patching or piecing; when a narrow adherence to non-essentials of form and fashion was equivalently an attempt to pour new wine into already over-stretched skins, Ignatius instinctively divined the source of the Church's danger to lie in the neglect of his favourite maxim; in the tyranny of habit over reason; in the exaltation of what had originally been means, into ends, to the detriment of the very ends to which they had been directed. Rule, precedent, tradition, privilege, immemorial custom, had everywhere clogged the wheels of ecclesiastical machinery; and the inexorable law of old age, with its

ossified cartilages and consolidated joints, had deprived the institutions of former centuries of that flexible elasticity needed to meet the sudden change of environment. Hardly shall a man when he is old enter into his mother's womb and be born again; the reform of antiquated methods if not impossible was too difficult and too slow a remedy for the instant danger; and therefore Ignatius could only hope in a new institution which should be free from all the aforesaid trammels and obstructions; which should sit light in regard to all non-essentials; whose governing principle should be his own, namely, unqualified adaptability, the sovereignty of the end over the means, the single rule of God's greater glory in the greater help of souls. And we know that his first thought was to write no other rules or constitutions, lest, as elsewhere, this supreme rule might be forgotten in the worship of subordinate and dependent rules; lest the ivy of habit might strangle the solid oak of reason.

His unpleasant relations with the stubborn defenders of bygone forms, as described in his

own memoirs, indicate the origin and true explanation of the charges of immorality persistently made against his maxim of the greater glory of God; and its malignant identification with the principle that, a wicked means is justified by a holy end.

To the blind worshipper of habit and custom, reason is ever an odious, a disturbing, a disintegrating influence, "stirring up the people from Galilee, even unto here." For him every non-essential form or observance is intrinsically sacrosanct, and its neglect or defiance intrinsically sacrilegious. To set it aside in the interests of the very end to which, though professedly subservient, it is actually detrimental, is, he thinks, to justify a wicked means by a holy end. How could one who advocated an Order in which there should be neither habit, nor choir-keeping, nor extra fasts, nor obligatory austerities, nor rules under sin, nor even (had he his way) any rules at all; whose members instead of anathematizing the new learning and running away from it, should embrace and utilize it; should mingle with

rather than flee from the world; how should such a one fail to be defamed as unscrupulous and unprincipled and hypocritical by those whose dumb idols he had so ruthlessly shattered? That the tradition of Protestants should be violently hostile and unjust to those who were their steadiest and most effectual opponents in the sixteenth century is not to be wondered at; but their pertinacious adherence to the calumnious interpretation of the Jesuit principle of God's greater glory, and "the end before the means," is only to be accounted for by the support they have received from Catholic adversaries of the Society. Indeed, it is always to that support that they appeal in order to exonerate themselves from the burden of adducing unobtainable evidence for their accusations. Resting on that seemingly solid basis, there is no mendacity too gross, no malignity too mean, that men, otherwise truthful and kindly, will not be guilty of in regard to that Society, so long as they believe that the righteousness of their end justifies their recklessness as to the means; nor is there

any more notable example of that judicial blindness which is the natural penalty of passion, than the fatuous silliness that characterizes the work of otherwise competent historical critics when they attempt the "Jesuit-problem." Indeed their absurdities are our easiest apology; and we should have (not very much perhaps, but) more to dread from candour and charity.

Whatever be the errors and shortcomings of the Society (and her most loyal sons will be the first to say that they are many), they are to be ascribed, not to the principle of adaptability, or of "the end before the means," or of that serpentine wisdom commended by Christ, or of God's greater glory before any rule, but to the very abeyance of the said principles of vitality and flexibility—an abeyance due to some extent to the pressure of circumstances from without, forcing her into the mould of other institutions whose end and organism is different from her own, and so depriving her in one way or another of that pliability which was her essential characteristic and *raison d'être*, cumbering her with the solicitude of many things, and diverting

her energy and attention from the one thing needful, from the end which selects, justifies, and sanctifies any means in itself indifferent or not bad, namely, the greater glory of God in the salvation and perfection of the human soul.

December 8, 1899.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL APPENDIX.

Of all the early Lives of St. Ignatius, the best known is that which was written by Father Ribadeneira at the command of St. Francis Borgia when General of the Society of Jesus. The first draft, which the author afterwards amplified, was completed before 1572, and was printed at Naples in that year. Ribadeneira dedicated the work to his religious brethren of the Society, prefixing a prologue, specially addressed to them, in which, after speaking of his own intimate personal acquaintance with the Saint, he makes reference to the other sources whence he had derived his knowledge, and more especially to that narrative of St. Ignatius himself, which is translated in the present volume.

"In the second place," writes Ribadeneira, "we shall set forth those particulars which our

Father himself, overcome by the constant solicitations of many years and by the importunity of nearly all our Fathers, disclosed to Father Louis Gonzalez concerning his early life, and that only in the year before he died, after long meditation and prayer to God.

"For from the time that our Society was first founded, and the glorious radiance of all those virtues with which God had endowed the soul of His servant Ignatius had begun to burst forth and to shine abroad, all we his children were inspired with an earnest longing to learn everything that we could concerning his history and his manner of life—by what means in sooth God had called him out of the world, with what beginnings, what progress, what consummation He had purified, illuminated, and perfected his soul. For it seemed only meet and reasonable that those who were the stones of this spiritual edifice should know and thoroughly understand on what manner of foundation the building itself rested, and should tread exactly in the footsteps of that Father whom they had received

from God as a master of doctrine, and a guide upon their way."[1]

A somewhat similar reference to the writing of these *Acta Quædam* is to be found in the memoirs of Father Oliver Manare, entitled *De Rebus Societatis Jesu Commentarius*. Father Oliver was residing in the same house in Rome with Father Gonzalez and St. Ignatius, at the time that so persistent an effort was made to induce the Saint to leave behind him some record of his early life. Father Manare first tells us that the holy Father's confessor promised to disclose many marvellous things if he should survive his penitent, and that it was commonly believed to be due to the Saint's prayers that the confessor went to his heavenly reward some little time before him.[2]

[1] *Acta Sanctorum*, July, vol. vii. p. 656. This is somewhat differently worded in the Spanish version which Ribadeneira himself made of this prologue, but the general purport is the same.

[2] His confessor's name was Didacus Guia, or more accurately Diego de Eguia. This was the same person whose charity the Saint records so gratefully at Alcalà (see p. 128 above), the brother of the printer Miguel. The latter would perhaps be more correctly described as a

"But," says Manare, "God was unwilling that these precious jewels of sanctity should remain entirely hidden. For He inspired Father Louis Gonzalez, before he went to Portugal, with courage to implore the Saint earnestly, and in the name of Christ our Lord, not to shrink from doing what the patriarchs of other Religious Orders had done, who for the benefit of those who were to come after them,

publisher than a printer, for he belonged to a distinguished family of Navarre and was a wealthy man. Diego de Eguia entered the Society some few years later at Venice, on his return from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem undertaken by St. Ignatius' advice. With him there came another brother who has sometimes, but incorrectly, been identified with the publisher. This brother however was named not Miguel, but Estevan. He was a widower with children, and he offered himself to St. Ignatius as a lay-brother. It is a curious fact that the Eguias (a large family—the father and mother of Diego are said to have had twenty-eight children) were closely allied by marriage with the family of St. Francis Xavier. Father Diego writing to Nicolas de Eguia his nephew, the son of Estevan, refers to *vuestro tio Mtro Francisco Xavier*—"your uncle, Master Francis Xavier." Brother Estevan died January 28, 1551, and by St. Ignatius' orders was buried close beside the high altar of the Church of S. Maria de la Strada. Father Diego, the Saint's confessor, died six weeks before Ignatius, in June, 1556. (See *Epistolæ Mixtæ*, ii. pp. 487, 488, 499.)

had not buried in perpetual silence the gifts and talents which they had received from God, but had made them manifest, that their posterity might have before their eyes the example of most beautiful virtues to practise; and so Father Louis besought him, as he was now advanced in years, and his health was very feeble, to vouchsafe in like manner to make known at least the outlines of his past history, which might be of profit to the Society. Such knowledge," he said, "would be a solace to many in ages to come, and would confirm numbers in their vocation. In fine, this good Father Gonzalez, a man distinguished by his high birth but much more distinguished by prudence and the possession of every virtue, knocked so persistently at the holy heart of our Blessed Father, that he opened it to him, and drew from thence the treasures which we now possess in writing, and these things together with many others which Father de Ribadeneira had noted and collected (for he had dwelt and communed long, in fact almost from the foundation of the Society, with that blessed soul), served under

God's blessing as materials for the history of his life."[1]

The same writer, who was sent by St. Ignatius at the close of 1554 to found a College of the Society at Loreto, makes another reference to Father Louis Gonzalez, the recipient of the Saint's confidence, which has an interest of its own. In April, 1555, the saintly Pontiff Marcellus II., who succeeded Julius III., fell grievously ill almost immediately after his election to the Papacy. He had always been a devoted friend to the Society, and he was the hope of all who desired to see a genuine spiritual reform within the Church. Accordingly St. Ignatius, besides enjoining other works of piety for the Pope's restoration to health, sent three of the Fathers whom he esteemed most highly on pilgrimage to Loreto. These Religious, whom Manare describes as "men pre-eminent by dignity and age, conspicuous for their great virtue and specially dear to the Saint," were "Father John Polanco, his secretary, Father Louis Gonzalez, with

[1] Manare, *De Rebus Societatis Jesu Commentarius*, p. 130.

whom he was on very familiar terms, and Father Gaspar Loarte, who was similarly dear to him, and an example to all the house. All three men were little fitted for walking by reason of their age and infirmity, but he sent them nevertheless on foot, because the object was so important, and he even made them beg their way to Loreto dressed as mendicants, in clothes, that is, full of tatters and rents. They reached their destination at last, though very exhausted both on account of inadequate nourishment and the fatigue of so long a journey, accomplishing their vow to the great edification of the whole College."[1]

[1] If we knew no more of this incident than what is told us by Father Manare, it would be easy to derive from it a somewhat unfavourable impression of the Saint's harshness and want of feeling. Fortunately, we possess four letters of this date which allow us to see the more tender side of his character, and which show how much of his apparent sternness was merely assumed. It was a first principle of St. Ignatius' spirituality to train up hardy saints who would not be withered by a harsh order or a rough word. But there was always a really warm and considerate heart beneath the cold exterior. The three Fathers above named, to whom a fourth, Father James de Guzman, was afterwards added, had not long started,

Father Louis Gonzalez de Camara, a Portuguese of high family, is described as a very able and accomplished man who had made his studies at the University of Paris. It would seem that, like Nadal, he had there become acquainted with St. Ignatius, although he did not enter the Society until ten years later, in 1545. Before he was summoned to Rome, he had laboured among the Christian slaves of the Barbary coast, and had subsequently been invited by John III., King of Portugal, to

when the Saint learned from their letters that two of them, Polanco and Loarte, had fallen ill, and he at once wrote to the four bidding them return to Rome immediately from Loreto, and charging them upon their consciences to use all such conveniences of travelling as might render their return journey easy and expeditious. The same day he despatched three other letters, one to the Governor of Loreto, who was a devoted friend of the Society (it was the Gasparo de Dotis mentioned by the Saint above, p. 181), asking him to provide means and make arrangements for the return of the said Fathers; the two others to friends of his at Spoleto, which lay on their route, begging of them a similar service, and asking of one of them most anxiously to send him with all despatch any news of the pilgrims which he could obtain. All four letters are preserved, and are printed in the *Cartas de San Ignacio*, vol. v. pp. 170—177. The same Father Louis Gonzalez in his *Memoriale* more than once draws attention to the contrast between St. Ignatius' gentleness in

become his confessor, a dignity which he declined. After some time spent in the Eternal City, in intimate relations with St. Ignatius, he was again specially asked for by the Portuguese Court to conduct the education of the little Don Sebastian, the heir to the throne. He seems to have passed the rest of his life in Portugal, and he died at Lisbon in 1575. For rather more than a year, he had lived in Rome as "Minister," a post in which he was, practically speaking, St. Ignatius'

dealing with the young and imperfect, and his seeming sternness towards his old and tried friends. In the case of men like Nadal and Polanco, says Gonzalez, he had simply no consideration for their feelings at all. His manner was harsh and he scolded them unmercifully. This went so far that once when Gonzalez himself, who kept a sort of diary of the words and acts of their holy Father, was dictating his account to a young novice his amanuensis, he had, so he tells us, to suppress the details of a scene between St. Ignatius and Nadal for fear of disedifying the novice, seeing that Father Nadal was at the time Vicar-General of the Society. So again it was a maxim often upon the Saint's lips that in giving penances it was a good thing to be generous ("en dar penitencias bueno es ser liberal"); and this he applied first of all to his dearest friends. But nothing could be more clear than that Nadal, Polanco, and the others understood him perfectly, and entertained for him the most tender personal affection.

deputy in the government of the professed house, and during this period he kept a kind of diary, in which he made careful note day by day of the actions and sayings of the Saint. This he afterwards copied out in Portuguese under the title of *Memoriale*. The original MS. is still preserved, but it has never yet been published in its entirety. Obviously this *Memoriale Patris Ludovici Gonzalvez de Camara* is to be carefully distinguished from the *Acta Quædam*, the Testament or Autobiography of St. Ignatius, which is translated in the present volume.

With regard to the last-named document, with which we are principally concerned, it would seem that the very sheets upon which the amanuenses of Father Gonzalez wrote at his dictation, are safely preserved to this day. From the archives of the Jesuit Fathers they have somehow found their way into the Vatican Library. There they may be consulted, bound up in one volume with the Latin version of Father Du Coudray (Coudretus), which last exhibits many corrections made in Father Nadal's hand-

writing.[1] The two Prefaces, however, are both lacking in this volume. When the Bollandists (A.D. 1731) printed the Latin of the *Acta Quædam* for the first time in their seventh

[1] The following is an exact description of the Codex furnished by Father F. Ehrle, S.J., the Prefect of the Vatican Library. It is a quarto MS. volume of ninety-six leaves, which seems to have been bound in the time of Father Nadal himself, with the following rough lettering upon its parchment back. "E | 121 | Acta P.N. Ign. | Apologia Contra | Fratrem Pedroche | No. 66 | No. 66 | A . . . | Collectane . | a P. Natal." A paper ticket also gummed on the back gives another press-mark: "C | 371." The contents of the volume are miscellaneous. The first item is docketed in Father Nadal's handwriting: "Acta p. Ignatii, ut primum scripsit p. Ludovicus Gonzales, excipiens ex ore ipsius patris." This is written in four sections, corresponding accurately with Gonzalez's description of the way in which his amanuenses wrote down what he dictated. The last section, in Italian, which begins (§ 79) with the account of the Saint's journey to Rouen, is in an entirely different handwriting. Counting one or two blank pages between the sections, the original as dictated occupies twenty-eight leaves in all. This is followed immediately by the Latin translation (fol. 30 ro. to fol. 45 vo.) with this heading: "Acta quædam Rdi. p. n. Ignatii de Loyola, primarii secundum Deum institutoris Societatis Jesu, interprete p. Annibale Coudreto, refectis nonullis a. p. Natale." What remains of the volume is mainly taken up with the censures passed upon the Spiritual Exercises by Father Pedroche, O.P., and with the replies made to his criticisms by Dr. Torres and Father Nadal.

volume for July, transcripts of these Prefaces of Father Nadal[1] and Father Gonzalez were sent them from Rome. The first in all probability was originally written in Latin as we have it; the second was in Spanish, and taken from a Spanish copy of the text. It would seem probable that this latter Preface was added at a later date by Father Gonzalez in order to correct some little inaccuracy which had crept into Nadal's account of the writing of the *Acta Quædam*. Nadal declares that nothing had been done by St. Ignatius before October, 1554, but that he began his narrative "on (I think) the same day"[2] that the remon-

[1] The substance of Father Nadal's Preface may be found repeated in the *Commentarium de Vita et Virtutibus P. Nadal*, by Father Diego Ximenez, who was Father Nadal's Socius. It was apparently at the instance of Father Ximenez that this Preface was written, and the latter tells us that he transcribed it himself at the beginning of one of the copies of Father Gonzalez's narratives. (See *Epistolæ Patris Nadal*, i. p. 36.)

[2] In the account given by Father Diego Ximenez we are told that on being remonstrated with, "Ignatius replied, 'Yes, Master Nadal, I will do it.' And calling Father Louis Gonzalez, he said to him, in presence of Father Nadal: 'Come to me every morning for some days when I have finished Mass, and I will recount to

strance was made to him. (See above, pp. 27 and 28.) Gonzalez, in his much more detailed account, tacitly corrects both these statements; neither can we feel any hesitation in deciding which of the two writers is the more likely to be accurate. Nadal himself pays tribute to Gonzalez's marvellous memory, and the account given by the latter of his dictating the narrative to amanuenses in four instalments is borne out in every particular by the changes in the handwriting of the Vatican manuscript.

It is a curious, and as Father Fita considers, a very regrettable fact that the original text of the *Acta Quædam*, partly Spanish and partly Italian, has never been

you those things which Master Nadal and you others are asking of me.' On hearing this from Father Nadal," adds Ximenez, "I told him to leave it in writing, in order that it might be understood how the story of Father Ignatius came to our knowledge. This Father Nadal did, and made me copy it out (*i.e.*, the Preface) in one of his cahiers, which are in the archives at the beginning of a copy of the *Memoriale* which Father Gonzalez made of the things which had been told him by Father Ignatius." It would seem clear from this account that at the time Ximenez wrote (after 1562), the Preface of Father Gonzalez was not known to him.

printed. A few words of the original are occasionally cited by the Bollandists where some point seemed to need elucidation, and Father Fita has recently published in the *Boletin de la Real Academia de la Historia* (December, 1898), the long passage relating to St. Ignatius' trial and incarceration by the Inquisition. This extract is sufficient to show that the Latin version is, on the whole, reasonably faithful. However, the editors of the *Monumenta Historica Societatis Jesu* promise at no distant date to publish a critical edition of the original, together with other unprinted Ignatiana.

So general is the ignorance outside the Jesuit body concerning the materials now available for studying the life of the founder of the Society, that it seems worth while to set down here a few rough indications of the first-hand sources which no one who wishes to acquire an accurate acquaintance with the subject can afford wholly to neglect.

In the first place there are the Letters of the Saint, obviously material of primary

importance, though many of them are purely official documents, written by his secretaries. In the edition recently published by the Jesuit Fathers of Madrid,[1] with notes, translations, and illustrative matter, they fill six volumes and number in all 842. I understand that materials for at least one other volume are already in hand.

Next in importance, if it ought not even to take precedence of the letters, is the Spanish text of the Constitutions,[2] &c., printed from the autograph of the Saint. The volume contains a number of valuable Appendices, amongst which we may assign the first place to the spiritual notes made during a certain period of his life by St. Ignatius concerning his lights in prayer, ecstasies, supernatural favours, &c. St. Ignatius burnt by far the greater part of this spiritual diary, but one particular *cahier* seems accidentally to have escaped destruction.

[1] *Cartas de San Ignacio de Loyola*, six vols. (1874—1889). Aguado, Madrid.

[2] *Constitutiones Societatis Jesu Latinæ et Hispanicæ*, folio, 1892. Aguado, Madrid.

The accurate edition of the *Spiritual Exercises* by Father Roothaan, made from a copy which the Saint had in constant use, has been published for some time. It contains a valuable commentary upon the Exercises, chiefly in their ascetical aspect. It should be read, however, in company with the very useful monograph of Father Watrigant, S.J.,[1] upon the genesis and external history of this great manual of spiritual training, a book in which the very soul of the author is laid bare.

We pass in the next place to the huge collection of materials published of late years by the Spanish Jesuits under the title of *Monumenta Historica Societatis Jesu*. The series began in January, 1894, and since then it has appeared with unfailing regularity in monthly instalments. Each part contains 160 large 8vo pages, so that up to the present time there has been published the equivalent of fourteen volumes of nearly 800 pages each.

[1] This was first published in the form of articles in the *Etudes Religieuses*, 1897, for May, July, and October.

So far the documents published in this collection nearly all relate to the history of the Society during the life-time of the Founder. Many of them consist of letters addressed to him by his sons in every part of the world. Another important section of the undertaking is formed by the chronicle of Father Polanco, the secretary of St. Ignatius—*De Vita Patris Ignatii et Societatis Jesu Initiis.* For the earlier chapters this is little more than a paraphrase of the autobiography here presented to the reader, but it is interesting to remark that one so intimately acquainted with the Saint was evidently satisfied with the accuracy of Father Gonzalez's transcription from memory. There does not seem to be any point of fact in which Polanco attempted to correct the narrative before him. Of the remaining documents which have appeared in the *Monumenta*, special interest attaches to the autobiographical notes of Father Nadal, who knew Ignatius in Paris, as well as to the defence of the Spiritual Exercises written by the same Father, in reply to the criticisms of Father Pedroche, O.P., presented to the

Archbishop of Toledo, in 1553,[1] also to the elaborate genealogy of St. Ignatius' family, to the will of his elder brother, and to the collection of unprinted materials for the life of St. Francis Borgia. Finally, we may note a new set of documents, the publication of which has just begun, and which promises to surpass all the rest in interest, to wit, the letters of St. Francis Xavier in the original Spanish and Portuguese, with other papers relating to his life.[2]

[1] Both the criticisms and Father Nadal's defence are printed as an Appendix to the third volume of Father Polanco's *Chronicon Societatis Jesu*, mentioned above.

[2] It may be useful to give a somewhat more exact list of the various series of documents which have so far appeared in the *Monumenta Historica Societatis Jesu*. They are:

I. *Chronicon Societatis Jesu*, 1537—1556. Auctore P. J. Polanco. 6 vols. The last volume is not yet quite completed.

II. *Litteræ Quadrimestres*, 1546—1556. 4 vols. These are the periodical reports sent to Rome by the Jesuit Superiors in all parts of the world. The letters from Brazil and the Indies are not included in this collection.

III. *Sanctus Franciscus Borgia*. 1 vol. This is a collection of miscellaneous documents bearing upon the earlier life of the third General of the Society of Jesus.

IV. *Epistolæ Mixtæ* (1537—1556). Miscellaneous letters exchanged between the Jesuit Fathers in various parts of Europe, but for the most part concerned with Spain, Italy, and Portugal. 2 vols. completed.

Of somewhat older date in point of publication, but of great interest from the light which they throw upon St. Ignatius and his contemporaries, are two volumes printed by Father Delplace, in Florence, in 1886 and 1887, the *De Rebus Societatis Jesu Commentarius*, being the memoirs of Father Oliver Manare, one of the most distinguished of the early Jesuits, who came to know St. Ignatius very intimately during the five years which preceded the death of the latter, and the *Selectæ Indiarum Epistolæ*, letters written to Ignatius from the Indies by St. Francis Xavier, and others. We may also mention, under the same heading, the brief history of the early years of the Society,

V. *Epistolæ Patris Nadal.* Letters written by and addressed to Father Jerome Nadal, with illustrative documents. Vol. I. (1546—1562) completed; Vol. II. in progress.

VI. *Monumenta Xaveriana.* Consisting of an early unpublished Life of St. Francis Xavier, with the collection of his letters in the original Spanish and Portuguese. Vol. I. in progress.

The average cost of each volume is about 15 francs.

The *Monumenta* are published by C. G. Robeles, Apartado 206, Madrid. The English agent is D. Nutt, 270, Strand.

written by Father Simon Rodriguez, one of the first companions of Ignatius in Paris. It is entitled *De Origine et Progressu Societatis Jesu*, a rather jejune narrative of about 80 pages, published in 1869.[1]

I am not attempting to compile any complete bibliography of the first-hand sources of history available for the study of the life of the Founder of the Society of Jesus, so I will add only a brief reference to the *Memoriale* (a kind of diary) of Blessed Peter Faber, one of the Saint's earliest and most trusted companions (Paris, 1873), to a volume of letters and other writings of the same Beato, recently published in Madrid, and to the first volume of the huge collection of letters of Blessed Peter Canisius, edited in 1896, by Father Braunsberger. Obviously there are many monographs on points of special interest which no careful student can afford to neglect, and which often contain copies of, or references to, original documents. Such are, for instance, the *Geschichte des Collegium Germanicum in Rom*,

[1] Rome, at the office of the *Civiltà Cattolica*.

by Cardinal Steinhuber, 1895; the *Monumenta Collegii Germanici*, of Father Schröder, 1896; *La Santa Casa de Loyola*, of Father Perez; the *Vida del Siervo de Dios, Padre Diego Laynez*, by Father J. Torre, 1896; the brochure of M. E. Rembry, *St. Ignace de Loyola à Bruges;* the volumes relating to St. Francis Xavier and Blessed Peter Faber, compiled by Father J. M. Cros; *Le Montserrat et Manrèze*, of Father Mabille; *Le Case abitate in Roma da S. Ignazio di Loiola*, by Father Venturi; the new edition, in seven vols., of Gabriel de Henao, *Averiguaciones de las Antigüedades de Cantabria;* the *Rheinische Akten zur Geschichte des Jesuitenordens*, by J. Hansen; the biography of Dona Luisa de Borja, published by Father Nonell, under the title of *La Santa Duquesa*, and the article by Father Duhr on the letters of Father Bobadilla in the *Römische Quartalshrift* of 1897.

One set of contributions to the earlier history of the life of our Saint seem to deserve special notice, as they all have a direct bearing upon the narrative here printed. I refer to the papers published at various times by the distinguished

Spanish Academician, Father Fidel Fita S.J., in the *Boletin de la Real Academia de la Historia*, and particularly to those dealing with a copy of certain Inquisition records relating to the trial of the Saint, which appeared in the *Boletin* as recently as November and December, 1898, and January, 1899. A great deal of new light is thrown by Father Fita upon an incident which occupies a large place in the present history. Although the records seem to point to some little failure of memory on the part of Ignatius or of Father Gonzalez in one or two details, their general tendency is to confirm the accuracy of his narrative.[1] Two other articles by Father Fita and Señor Rodrigues on the early life of St. Ignatius as a page at the Spanish Court, appeared in the *Boletin* in 1890 and 1891. With these may also be mentioned the monograph of the former writer, *La Santa Cueva*, which was printed as far back as 1872.

[1] These Inquisition records or part of them had previously been published in 1895 by Señor Serrano y Sanz, but Father Fita's edition is in every way more complete and satisfactory.

Nearly all the recent books above named contain facts of interest which were not known fifty years ago, and in a sense it may be said that the Life of St. Ignatius now needs to be re-written. The best attempt which has so far been made to utilize these various materials is to be found in the French edition of Bartoli's standard biography compiled by Father L. Michel, S.J.[1] The editor has equipped the text with a very elaborate body of notes incorporating most of the more important results of recent researches.[2]

If the rough list which has been here given serves no other purpose, it will at least help to throw into relief the rashness of those non-Catholic critics who, on the strength of an acquaintance with Dr. Littledale's article on the Jesuits in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*,

[1] Bartoli, *Histoire de S. Ignace de Loyola*. Edit. L. Michel. 2 vols. 8vo. Desclée, Tournai, 1893.

[2] The valuable new edition of Genelli's Life also deserves notice (Genelli, *Leben des H. Ignatius von Loyola*, in neuer Bearbeitung von V. Kolb, S.J. Wien, 1894). Father Kolb, like Father Michel, has been at pains to bring his work up to date, and to consult the most recent sources of information.

supplemented perhaps by Mr. J. A. Symonds' *Catholic Reaction*, or some other equally polluted source, are prepared to pass judgment upon the founder of the Jesuits, his aims and spirit, and upon the whole subsequent history of the Order which he called into being. In no one of the sources of information about St. Ignatius most commonly in the hands of Protestants, is there any indication that the authors were even conscious of the existence of that primary document which must always serve as the foundation for any rational study of his life, I mean the Autobiography which has here been translated. How little attention these writers would consider it necessary to pay to the more voluminous materials described in this Appendix, the reader may be left to infer.

H. T.

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